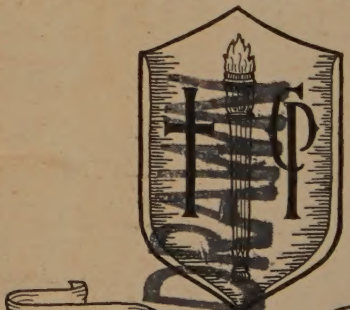
COLLEGE
OF THE PACIFIC



GIFT OF
Briggs
Estate

Edna Duff Briggs.

College of the Pacific
Stockton Calif.

THE

BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

917

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A.M.

VOL. XXXVII.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, J. NICHOLS, R. BALDWIN, F. AND C. RIVINGTON, W. OTRIDGE AND SON, W. J. AND J. RICHARDSON, A. STRAHAN, J. SEWEL, R. FAULDER, G. AND W. NICOL, T. PAYNE, G. AND J. ROBINSON, W. LOWNDES, G. WILKIE, J. MATHEWS, P. M'QUEEN, OGILVY AND SON, J. SCATCHERD, J. WALKER, VERNOR AND HOOD, R. LEA, DARTON AND HARVEY, J. NUNN, LACKINGTON AND CO. D. WALKER, CLARKE AND SON, G. KEARSLEY, C. LAW, J. WHITE, LONGMAN AND REES, CADELL JUN. AND DAVIES, J. BARKER, T. KAY, WYNNE AND CO. POTE AND CO. CARPENTER AND CO. W. MILLER, MURRAY AND HIGHLEY, S. BAGSTER, T. HURST, T. BOOSEY, R. PHENEY, W. BAYNES, J. HARDING, R. H. EVANS, J. MAWMAN, AND W. CREECH, EDINBURGH.

1802.

Edna I. Briggs
Estate
77637
JAN 28 '56
PR
1365
B86
v.37

Printed by A. Strahan,
Printers-Street.

MIRROR.

N° 75.——110.

CONTENTS.

VOL. XXXVII.

No. Page

75. LETTER from Timothy Shuttleworth, stating his Difficulties in reading the Newspapers—General Reflections on the Abuses of those daily Intelligencers 1

76. Dinner at Mr. Melfort's—Hard Drinking—Mr. Umphraville's Reflections on modern Manners 6

77. The Effect of Difficulty in Attainment to heighten our Keenness in Pursuit—Argument deduced from this with Regard to the Rule of Poetical Justice 12

78. Letter from John Hearty, giving an Account of his Sufferings from an extreme propensity to Friendship 17

79. Integer on negatively good Men—Scheme of a Newspaper to relate what Things are not done—Observations on Pastoral Poetry 22

80. Critique on that Species of Composition known by the Name of Advertisement 31

81. Distresses of an Heiress; in a Letter from Olivia . . . 38

82. On Sign-posts, as the Reward of public Merit, and and Criterion of National Success 43

83. Enquiry into the Causes of the Scarcity of humorous Writers in Scotland 50

No. Page

84. Of the Privilege of Fashion to alter Nature—Some Account of certain fashionable Peculiarities in Edinburgh 55

85. Apology to Poetical Correspondents—The Exile, an Elegy 59

86. Antiquarius, on the Virtues of certain ancient Medicines 64

87. On Superstition and the Fear of Death 68

88. The Hardships of a private Tutor, in a Letter from K. B.—Reflections suggested by it 74

89. Emilia on female Accomplishments—Answer by the Author—Letter from Letitia Lappet, going to set up Shop as Milliner 81

90. Calamities incident to extreme old Age, particularly the Loss of Friends; Feelings of the Author on a Misfortune of that kind 89

91. On the Duties of the Great, in Behaviour as well as Conduct 93

92. On the Desire of Figure-making 99

93. Character of a Self-important Trifler; in a Letter from Miss C. F. 104

94. Effects of the Representation of certain Characters in the Mirror—Letter from a Gentleman in London on the Improvements of Edinburgh . . . 111

95. Description of a dangerous Species of Coquette; in two Letters from Mr. and Mrs. B. 119

96. Bad Effects of an Education too refined for the Society in which we live; in a Letter from Mary Muslin—The Marriage of Eval, a Poem—The Plagiarisms of the Mirror, in a short Letter from Evelina 127

97. Account of the Flint Family, and their Conduct with regard to the Education of Master Flint, by the young Gentleman's Tutor, Hypodidasculus . 134

No. Page
98. Hypodidascalus's Relation continued—Journal of Master Flint's Studies for a Week 143
99. Criticism on the Character and Tragedy of Hamlet 151
100. Criticism of Hamlet concluded 158
101. Danger of regulating our Conduct by the Rules of romantic Sentiment—Story of Emilia 163
102. Moderatus, on the Character of a Man of Spirit—Reflections on Female Spirit 171
103 Letter from Simon Softly, containing an Account of his Visit to Sir Ralph Holdencourt, a Man of great Family, with whom he had a Law-suit . . 178
104. Ill Consequences of retiring from Society—Character of Acasto, a Country-Gentleman 186
105. Some Cautions with regard to the Behaviour of People in the Country 192
106. Education necessary not only to fit Men for the World, but to qualify them for enjoying Retirement from it 197
107. Difference between theoretical Description, and actual Practice—Definition of honourable Love, by an anonymous Author, and of a Battle, by A. Boyer 204
108. Inefficacy of guilty Pleasure to confer Happiness—Story of Louisa Venoni 210
109. Sequel of the Story of Louisa 216
110. Conclusion of the Mirror 221

THE

THE

MIRROR.

N° 75. TUESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I REMARK, that you meddle not with the high matters of politics. For this, you must answer to yourself, being that you are able to write printed papers. I am a member of eighty-five societies, all zealous for the liberty of the press, in consistency with, and in conformity to, our establishment; and so I think that you are at liberty to write of those things only whereof you have understanding; and if so be that, by reason of your silence, you abuse, or, as one may say, vilipend the liberty of the press, judge you yourself; as for me I say nothing.

But, although you give us no news yourself, perhaps you have something to say with the gentlemen who make the news; and if so, I hope that you will recommend it to them so to write, as that they may be understood of men who are not book-learned.

They, being book-learned gentlemen, write in divers tongues, whereby we poor simple men are at a loss, and Europe may be overthrown by com-

pacts and associations, or ever we can understand the danger.

Not many days ago, I read in the news, that some good men put up an advertisement on a statue, with this superscription, *pro patria mori*, and that the superscription rejoiced all honest hearts. I enquired of our *deacon*, who received the rudiments of his education at the grammar school of *Lesmahagoe*, what was the meaning of the words? and he made answer, that the words were Latin, and that he thought they would be found in the Latin Dictionary; the which having got, I, on searching, discovered that *pro* signified *for the sake of*, and that *patria* signified *a man's native country*, and that *mori* signified *foolish and silly persons*.

Wherefore, by joining together the words, I conjectured, moreover, that the interpretation of *pro patria mori* was *foolish or silly persons for the sake of their native country*, or that *they who act for their native country are foolish and silly persons*.

Now, Sir, if so be that this is so, I moreover conjecture, that the honest men who put up the advertisement, and they who rejoiced thereat, were deceived through ignorance of the Latin tongue, and that to them there was no cause of rejoicing.

Of that tongue I think no good; it is reported amongst us, that the mass is written in it, the which I renounce, and also abominate, &c. I am, Sir, your Honour's, to serve you at command,

TIMOTHY SHUTTLEWORTH.

P. S. Weaving performed in all its branches at reasonable rates; also, cloth taken in for the Dalquharn bleachfield.

My worthy correspondent Mr. Shuttleworth, in the after-part of his letter, intrusts me with his sentiments concerning some very momentous subjects; but I should not deserve the honour of his friendship, were I to impart to the Public what has been communicated to me in confidence.

Not knowing his direction, and not having been favoured with a cipher from him, I can only say, that '*n. p.* had no more influence in the matter of 'the *c.p.* and the *p.b.* than th— m—n of th— m—n; 'and of this Mr. Shuttleworth may rest assured.'

With respect to the Latin words, which have been the innocent cause of so much uneasiness to him, they are taken from a Roman poet, but no Roman Catholic: in metre accommodated to the course of my friend's studies, they signify,

That for our father's land to die, it is a comely thing.

As, indeed, *I meddle not with the high matters of politics* I shall only add, that it is to be hoped that there are very few who consult *Shuttleworth*'s Dictionary.

Since I have been desired to advise the *Authors* of Newspapers to write intelligibly, I must say something on that subject, lest my silence should be construed into an acknowledgment of my little credit with those gentlemen. Of their skill in the learned languages, I pretend not to give any opinion. Thus much, however, I may be allowed to say without offence, that they are the historians of the vulgar; that, in our country, the persons who pass under the name of the vulgar, are not unconcerned spectators of national events; and, 'that what relates 'to all, ought to be understood of all.'

A man may write in the native language of his readers, and yet be unintelligible. For example,

when contrary propositions are positively asserted, when paragraphs encounter with paragraphs, and 'jostle in the dark,' what must be the state of him who sits down to spell the newspapers with the determined resolution of believing whatever he sees in print?

There is a pleasure in giving good advice, and therefore I must take this opportunity of going a little beyond my friend's commission.

A witty statesman, of the days of our fathers, observed, 'that *John Bull* was always in the garret, 'or in the cellar.' John's *own* sister *Margaret*, although not quite so delicate in her sensations, has much of the family disposition. If the wind sets in to the east, then we are a betrayed, and abandoned, and lost people; but on the wind coming round to the west, what nation so glorious and well-governed as ours! Our perfidious enemies shall know what it is to rouse the *Lion*, to annoy the *Thistle*, or to put the *Harp* out of tune.

Such being the disposition of readers apt to be depressed or elevated on every occasion, or on no occasion, the writers of newspapers ought to be cautious as well in slackening as in over-bracing the nerves of their customers; and the only method I can recommend for attaining this happy *medium* is, 'that they report nothing but what they be-'lieve to be true;' or, if *that* be to require too much of flesh and blood, 'that they report nothing 'which they believe to be fictitious.'

'The Britannia, captain George Manly com-'mander, is totally lost on the coast of Barbary; 'every soul on board perished.'

On board the Britannia there was the only son of a widow, whose single fund of subsistence depended on that pittance of his wages which her dutiful child allotted to her. In the same ship there was a sober and industrious young man, who had quitted

his wife a few months after marriage, that he might provide for a young creature whom he hoped to see in its mother's arms at his return.

'It is confidently reported, that six or seven 'men of the crew of the Britannia got safely to 'shore, and that they were made slaves, unless, as 'is to be feared, they were murdered by the natives.' *Here* there is a gleam of miserable and dubious hope darting on the minds of those who had relations on board the Britannia.

'The Britannia is safely arrived at Port Mahon; '*so that* the report of her having been lost is without 'foundation.'—The inference is most logical.

In the very next paragraph it is said, 'We have 'the pleasure of informing the Public, that a capital 'figure-dancer will soon make his appearance on 'the stage.'

Are not such things to be found in the newspapers of every week; and is it not a cruel sporting with the sensibilities of human nature, thus to wring the souls of parents and wives, of the aged and the helpless, and *that* merely to fill up the columns of a newspaper?

It is of high national importance that the very earliest notice should be given of the next appearance of a figure-dancer; but, surely, there was no necessity of saying any thing of the Britannia, in whose welfare the fate of so many little families were involved, until it should have been certainly known whether she was wrecked, or had safely arrived in port.

Of late years there has a practice crept in, of making the newspapers not only the vehicle of public intelligence, but also of the misfortunes, real or imaginary, of private families. For example, 'We 'hear that Mrs. Gadabout was lately detected in an 'illicit commerce with her husband's postillion, and 'that a process of divorce will be brought,' &c.

Invention immediately busies itself in accounting for this incident. After the first ceremonies of surprise and deep regret, the education of the lady is scrutinized; it was too strict, or it was too loose: the character of the husband is laid before the inquest of gossips: he was morose and sullen, or he had set an example of extravagance and libertinism, which *poor* Mrs. Gadabout inconsiderately followed. Then some one, more expert in tracing effects to their cause, recollects having heard, that something of a like nature befel the family many years ago; and that the grand-aunt of Mrs. Gadabout's father, if common fame lie not, stept aside with the Duke of Buckingham, when he attended Charles II. into Scotland.

In this state of uncertainty things remain for a week or two, when fresh intelligence is communicated to the Public, 'The report of Mrs. Gada-'bout's affair is premature.—The former article was 'copied from another paper. We hope that all 'concerned will accept of this apology.' Doubtless a most satisfying apology to all concerned!

The writers of newspapers are the historians of the day, but I see no cause why they should be the historians of the lie of the day.

№ 76. SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1780.

Refinement and delicacy of mind are not more observable in our serious occupations, than in the style of our amusements. Of those who possess them,

the most vacant hours will generally be informed by taste, or enlivened by imagination; but with men destitute of that sentiment which they inspire, pleasure will commonly degenerate into grossness, conviviality into intemperance, and mirth into riot.

Mr. *Melfort* is one of my friend Mr. *Umphraville*'s early acquaintance, who continues to reside in this city, and of whom he still retains some resemblance.

That gentleman, in his youth, had applied to the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar; but, having soon after succeeded to a tolerable fortune, he derives no other benefit from his profession than an apology for residing part of the year in town, and such a general acquaintance there, as enables him to spend his time in that society which is suited to his disposition. He is often, indeed, to be seen in court; but he comes there only as he does to the coffee-house, to inquire after the news of the day, or to form a party for some of those dinners which he usually gives. In my friend's last visit to town, he met with this gentleman, and came under an engagement to dine with him. I was asked to be of the party, and attended him accordingly.

The company was a large one. Besides Mrs. *Melfort* and her two daughters, there were three other young ladies who appeared to be intimate in the family. The male part of the company was still more numerous. It consisted, beside our landlord, Mr. *Umphraville*, and myself, of two lawyers, a physician, a jolly-looking man in the uniform of a sea-officer, and a gentleman advanced in life, who had somewhat of the air and manner of a foreigner, and, I afterwards learned, had left this country at an early age, and lived chiefly abroad ever since.

Mr. *Umphraville*, who was seated next Mrs.

Melfort, seemed not less pleased with the conversation than with the manners of that lady, who is indeed perfectly well-bred and accomplished; and the stranger, whose name was *Melville*, appeared equally to relish the spirit which distinguished the discourse of Mr. *Umphraville*. I had early observed him to mark my old friend, as a member of the company not the least worthy of his attention.

The dinner was succeeded by a round of toasts, during which the ladies received scarce any other mark of attention from the company, Mr. *Umphraville*, Mr. *Melville*, and myself, excepted, than that of Mr. *Melfort*'s calling for their toasts, which he always distinguished, by desiring us to fill a bumper.

Immediately after this ceremony was ended, they withdrew; a circumstance which seemed nowise disagreeable to the company they left, the greatest part of whom had hitherto sat mute, and plainly felt the presence of the ladies a restraint on the freedom and jollity of conversation.

They had no sooner retired, than Mr. *Melfort*, raising himself in his chair, announced a bumper to the ladies who had left us; an order which was readily complied with, and seemed to spread an air of satisfaction around the table. The sea-captain said, he was glad the frigates had sheered off; 'and 'now,' added he, 'if you please, Mr. *Melfort*, as 'the signal is given, we may clear the decks and 'form the line of battle.'

The Captain's joke was applauded with a loud laugh; during which honest *Umphraville*, whose face is no hypocrite, cast to my side of the table a look of displeasure and contempt, which I was at no loss to interpret. Meantime the servants removed one half of the table, that we might sit sociably, as Mr. *Melfort* termed it, round the other, which was immediately furnished with a set of fresh glasses,

and cleared of every incumbrance that might retard the circulation of the bottle.

Our friends, who had been so silent during the presence of the ladies, now began to take their revenge, and enlarge their share of the conversation in proportion to the number of bumpers they swallowed: they vied with each other in the number of their stories and their jokes; all of which seemed to be equally relished; and not the less so, that they now became somewhat loose and licentious.

Mr. *Melville* had at first endeavoured, though in a very easy and polite manner, to give somewhat of a more refined turn to the conversation; but his endeavours, though supported by a good deal of wit and vivacity, could not long withstand the general disposition of the company. He now found himself as little able to relish their merriment as Mr. *Umphraville*, next whom he was seated; and they had begun to enter into conversation of a very different kind, when *Umphraville* received a slap on the shoulder from one of the company, who at the same reminded him that he was *hunted*.

My friend was at first startled with a familiarity to which he was little accustomed; having recovered his composure, however, he thanked the gentleman, though with an air rather formal and reserved, for his attention, and drank off his bumper. But having, it seems, left a little more than was proper in the bottom of his glass, he was saluted with a call of '*No heeltops!*' from another corner of the table. This enigmatical advice being explained to him, he complied with it also, saying, however, with his natural firmness of tone and manner, 'That it was his rule 'to fill and drink his glass when and how he pleased; 'and that, as he had already gone greater lengths 'than usual, Mr. *Melfort* must excuse him if he did 'not now depart from it.'

I saw that Mr. *Umphraville* was now heartily tired of the company, and was not sorry when, a little after this incident, both he and Mr. *Melville* withdrew. Having remained long enough to witness some jocular remarks to which this gave occasion, I followed them to the drawing-room, where I found they were much more agreeably employed in drinking coffee with Mrs. *Melfort*, while one of her daughters obliged my old friend by playing some Scots airs upon the harpsichord, which the other accompanied with a voice equally sweet and expressive.

The conversation which succeeded was supported in an easy agreeable manner, by Mr. *Melville* and the ladies, with that mixture of serious remark which made it not unpleasing to Mr. *Umphraville;* nor did he suffer in their opinion by the part he occasionally took in it. The silent approbation of his countenance, during the performance of the young ladies, and the observations which it gave him an opportunity of making on the character of our native music, had already made the old gentleman a favourite; nor were the rest of the company displeased with the turn of his sentiments, when he complained, that the drawing-rooms, where, in his younger days, the ladies and gentlemen were accustomed to the company of each other, were now almost totally deserted; and that, as far as he could observe, amidst the boasted refinement of modern manners, the gentlemen paid less attention to the ladies, both in public places and in private society, than they had done fifty years ago.

After some time passed in this manner, the noise of laughter and of vociferation on the stairs announced the approach of Mr. *Melfort* and his company. The physician, and one of the lawyers, were indeed the only members of it who had chosen to attend him to the drawing-room; both of whom were pro-

digiously flustered; and yet, to my astonishment, they contrived to put a decent face upon it, and fell into fewer improprieties than could have been expected. A drawing-room, however, was not their element; and, after swallowing a little coffee, they withdrew, leaving honest *Melfort* fast asleep in a corner of the settee.

Mr. *Umphraville* and I took our leave. We were scarce out of the house when he exclaimed,

'*O rus! quando ego te aspiciam?*'

And, after a little pause, 'Good God!' said he 'Charles, can such scenes be common at poor *Mel-*'*fort*'s? To what a degree must he have lost all 'respect for himself and all taste for true happi-'ness, who, for such society as we have this 'day witnessed, can forego the agreeable con-'versation of his own family, or who can allow the 'elegance of their amusements to be disturbed by the 'intrusion of his loose and riotous companions?'

I represented to my friend that he saw the matter in too strong a light. I observed that the excess on this occasion had probably been greater than usual; Mr. *Melfort* was nowise singular in the manner of entertaining his friends; that, in this country, the general opinion justified the observation of the poet, '*Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum;*' that wine was supposed necessary to remove the natural reserve of our manner, and give a proper degree of ease and spirit to our conversation. As to the appearance of *Melfort* and his friends in the drawing room, I observed, that a little habit made the occasional intrusion of a drunken company be considered as a sort of interlude, which ladies could bear without uneasiness; and, at any rate, as it was an equal chance that their future husbands would give such

dinners, and receive such guests, as their father did, it might not be improper to accustom them, in their earlier days, to a species of conversation and behaviour which they must afterwards be obliged to endure.

'Ay,' says he, '*Charles*, this is your way; the 'follies of mankind are familiar to you, and you are 'always ready to find an apology for them; but I, 'who, for many years, have only heard of them, cannot 'be supposed to bear their defects with as much pa- 'tience. I am sick of this town of yours; and, 'though I could have as much pleasure as any man 'in witnessing such elegant manners, and partaking 'in such agreeable conversation, as we saw and en- 'joyed during a part of this evening; if I must pur- 'chase it by sharing in the intemperance, the noise, 'and the folly which succeeded it, should you won- 'der if I long to return to my books and my soli- 'tude?'

K

N° 77. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1780.

All impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy.

SHAKSPEARE.

AMIDST the variety of objects around us, philosophers have frequently been employed in pointing out and distinguishing those which are the sources of pleasure, and those which are productive of pain; they have endeavoured also to investigate the causes

and the qualities in the different objects by which their effects are produced. I suspect that, in many cases, we must be obliged to have recourse to the original constitution of our frame, and that the most penetrating philosophical inquiries can often go no farther than to say, *Thus Nature has made us.*

But whatever may be the original sources of our pleasure and pain, it is certain that there are various circumstances which may be pointed out, as adding to, or diminishing, both the one and the other; circumstances by which the warmth of expectation may be heightened or allayed, and the pangs of disappointment increased or mitigated.

It is a common observation, the justice of which, I believe, will not be disputed, that every passion increases according to the difficulty there is in its gratification. When once a desire for a certain object is raised, every opposition which occurs to the attainment of it, provided it be not such as cuts off all hopes of succeeding, and every perplexity and embarrassment thrown in the way, when the mind is engaged in the pursuit, inflames the desire; the object becomes heightened and exaggerated in our ideas, the mind grows more attached to it, and the expectation of enjoyment from the possession is increased.

To account for this appearance in our nature, it may be observed, that nothing is so apt to make an object figure in the imagination, as to have our attention long and earnestly fixed upon it. This makes it appear in stronger and more lively colours. If it be an object of desire, it appears more and more calculated to give pleasure; if an object of aversion, it appears more and more calculated to produce pain. Every time we view it, there is an addition made to the impression we have received. The sensations it has already given us still continue, and the passion it

has created receives additional force. If the object be pleasant, the mind dwells upon its good, if disagreeable, upon its bad qualities: it broods over them, it amplifies, it exaggerates them.

Now, no circumstance is so much calculated to fix the attention upon any particular object, as those difficulties which arise in our pursuit of it. The mind, unwilling to be overcome, cannot think of submitting to a defeat, or of giving up those expectations of enjoyment which it has formed. Every little opposition, therefore, that is met with, every obstruction thrown in the way, calls forth a fresh consideration of the object. We take a view of it in its every form, to try if we can get the better of those difficulties, and remove those obstructions. The object itself, meanwhile, gains complete possession of the soul. It swells and heightens in our imagination, and is no longer seen as it is by other men, nor as it would be by the same person, were other objects allowed to have place in his mind, or to divide his attention.

From this circumstance in our nature, that fixing our attention upon any one object, or set of objects, is apt to increase or heighten them in our imagination, a variety of remarks might be made, tending to illustrate the history of the human heart. It is owing to this circumstance, that a general lover seldom forms an attachment to any particular object. It is from the same cause, that the gentleman, who follows no particular profession, seldom exaggerates the advantages of any one. It is the merchant who limits his views solely to commerce, that sees in too strong a light the advantages of trade; it is the man of learning, who is shut up within the walls of a college, that exaggerates the advantages of literature; it is the scholar, who confines himself to one branch of science, that is the complete pedant. The

moral philosopher wonders how any man can be occupied by the dry, unpleasant study of the mathematics, while the curious fabric of the human mind remains unexplored. The mathematician is equally surprized that any man should compare the certainty of mathematical evidence to the vague inquiries of the moral philosopher. The geometrician, who, by the intreaty of his friends, was prevailed with to read the *Cid* of *Corneille*, wondered that any body should admire a thing in which nothing was proved. And the learned *Budæus*, when he was writing his treatise concerning the Roman *as*, being interrupted by his maid-servant, who told him the house was on fire, bade her go tell his wife, for that he did not mind family-matters. 'What a pity is it,' says a learned foreign Professor, in writing to his Correspondent in this country, 'what a pity is it, that the illustrious Dr. *Franklin*, the discoverer of electricity, and 'the author of so many inventions in the sciences, 'should descend from the sublime heights of philosophy, to employ his time and study in directing 'the trifling and unimportant contentions of nations!

It would far exceed the bounds of this paper to exhaust this subject, or to take notice of the different remarks which may be drawn from it, either with regard to human sentiments and conduct, or in relation to the fine arts.* I shall therefore confine myself to one other observation, on a point which has been treated of by Mr. *Addison*, in the 40th Number of *The Spectator*, where he justifies, against the ruling opinion at that time, the practice of those writers of tragedy, who disregard what are called the rules of *poetical justice*. To his defence of that practice, I think we may add one argument, which seems to have escaped him, drawn from the effect of

* See *Elements of Criticism.*

the opposition above mentioned, to heighten our passion for a particular object.

There is implanted in the mind of every man a desire that virtue should be followed by reward, and vice by punishment. But this desire, like every other, gathers new strength by opposition, and rises upon resistance. When, therefore, a virtuous man, amidst all his virtue, is represented as unhappy, that anxiety which we feel for his happiness becomes so much the greater; the more undeserved calamities he meets with, the higher is that principle raised, by which we desire that he should attain an adequate reward; the more he is environed and perplexed with difficulties, the more earnestly do we wish that he may be delivered from them all; and, even when he is cut off by premature death, we follow his memory with the greater admiration; and our respect and reverence for his conduct are increased so much the more, as all our prayers for his happiness in this life are disappointed.

On the other hand, with regard to the vicious, nothing excites so strongly our indignation against vice, or our desire that it should be punished, as our beholding the vicious successful, and, in the midst of his crimes, enjoying prosperity. Were we always to see the vicious man meeting with a proper punishment for his guilt, wretched and unhappy, our eagerness for his punishment would subside, and our hatred against him would be converted into pity; his guilt would be forgotten, and his misfortunes only would affect us. Before the trial of an atrocious criminal, the unanimous voice of the Public is, that he should be led out to punishment. Suppose him condemned, how altered is that voice! His fate is now universally pitied and deplored; and, did not the safety of thousands depend on his suffering,

hardly, in any case, should we see the laws of justice finally put in execution.

There can be no good reason, therefore, for observing the rules of what is called *poetical justice*. The effect which a departure from these rules produces, affords the highest possible testimony in favour of virtue. It shews that, where virtue meets with calamities and disappointments, this, instead of lessening it in our estimation, only attaches us so much the more warmly to its interests; and that, where vice is successful, instead of creating a feeling in its favour, this only increases our indignation against it. Were virtue always fortunate, were vice always unprosperous, that principle would be enfeebled, by which we desire the reward of the one, and the punishment of the other.

P

N° 78. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

THE praises of *friendship*, and descriptions of the happiness arising from it, I remember to have met with in almost every book and poem since first I could read. I was never much addicted to reading: and, in this instance, I think, I have little reason to put confidence in authors. How it may be in their experience, I know not; but, in mine, this same virtue of *friendship* has tended very little to my happiness; on the contrary, Sir, when I tell you my situ-

ation, you will find that I am almost ruined by my friends.

From my earliest days I was reckoned one of the best-natured fellows in the world; and, at school, though I must confess I did not acquire so much learning as many of my companions; yet, even there, I was remarkable for the acquisition of *friends*. Even there, too, I acquired them at some expence; I was flogged, I dare say, an hundred times, for the faults of others, but was too generous ever to *peach*; my companions were generous fellows too; but it always happened, I don't know how, that my generosity was on the losing side of the adventure.

I had not been above three years at college, when the death of an uncle put me in possession of a very considerable estate. As I was not violently inclined towards literature, I soon took the opportunity, which this presented me, of leaving the university, and entering upon the world. I put myself under the tuition of one of my companions, who generally spent the *vacations*, and indeed some of the *terms* too, in *London*; and took up my residence in that city. There I needed not that propensity which I have told you I always possessed, to acquire a multitude of *friends*; I found myself surrounded by them in every tavern and coffee-house about town. But I soon experienced, that though the commodity was plenty, the price was high. Besides a considerable mortgage on my estate, of which one of my best friends contrived to possess himself, I was obliged to expose my life in a couple of duels, and had very near lost it by disease, in that course of friendship which I underwent in the metropolis. All this was more a social sacrifice to others than a gratification to myself. Naturally rather of a sober disposition, I found more frequently disgust than pleasure amidst those scenes of dissipation in which I was engaged.

I was often obliged to roar out a *catch* expressive of our happiness, at the head of a long table in a tavern, though I would almost have exchanged my place for the bench of a galley-slave; and to bellow for a *bumper*, when I would as soon have swallowed the bitterest drug in the shop of my apothecary.

From this sort of bondage I contrived to emancipate myself by matrimony. I married the sister of one of my friends, a girl good-natured and thoughtless like myself, with whom I soon after retired into the country, and set out upon what we thought a sober, well-regulated plan. The situation was so distant, as to be quite out of the reach of my former town-companions; provisions were cheap, and servants faithful: in short, every thing so circumstanced, that we made no doubt of living considerably within our income. Our manner of life, however, was to be as happy as prudent. By the improvement of my estate, I was to be equally amused and enriched; my skill in sportmanship (for I had acquired that science to great perfection at the university) was to procure vigour to my constitution, and dainties to my table; and, against the long nights of winter, we were provided with an excellent *neighbourhood*.

The last-mentioned article is the only one which we have found come entirely up to our expectations. My talent for *friend-making* has indeed extended the limits of *neighbourhood* a good deal farther than the word is commonly understood to reach. The parish, which is not a small one,—the country, which is proportionally extensive, comes all within the denomination of neighbourhood with us; and my neighbour *Goostry*, who pays me an annual sporting visit of several weeks, lives at least fifty miles off.

Some of those *neighbours*, who always become *friends* at my house, have endeavoured to pay me for their entertainment with their advice as to the culti-

vation of my farm, or the management of my estate; but I have generally found their counsel, like other friendly exertions, put me out of pocket in the end. Their theories of agriculture failed in my practice of them; and the ingenious men they recommended to me for tenants, seldom paid their rent by their ingenuity. One gentleman, in particular, was so much penetrated by my kindness and hospitality, that he generously communicated to me a project he had formed, which he shewed me to be infallible, for acquiring a great fortune in a very short time, and offered me an equal share in the profits, upon my advancing the sum of five hundred pounds, to enable him to put his plan more speedily into execution. But, about a twelvemonth after, I was informed that his project had miscarried, and that my five hundred pounds were lost in the wreck of it. This gentleman is almost the only one of my *friends*, who, after having been once at my house, does not chuse to frequent it again.

My wife is not a whit less happy in acquiring *friends* than myself. Besides all her relations, of whom (for I chose a woman of family) she has a very great number, every lady she meets at visits, at church, or at the yearly races in our country-town, is so instantaneously charmed with her manners and conversation, that she finds it impossible to leave our part of the country without doing herself the pleasure of waiting on Mrs. *Hearty* at her own house. Mrs. *Hearty*'s friends are kind enough to give advice too, as well as mine. After such visits, I generally find some improvement in the furniture of my house, the dress of my wife, or the livery of my servants.

The attentions of our friends are sometimes carried farther than mere words or visits of compliment; yet, even then, unfortunately, their favours are just so many taxes upon us. When I receive a present

of a delicate *salmon*, or a nice *haunch of venison*, it is but a signal for all my good neighbours to come and eat at my expence; and some time ago, when a nephew of my wife, settled abroad, sent me an hogshead of excellent claret, it cost me, in entertainments for the honour of the liquor, what might have purchased a tun from the wine-merchant.

After so many instances in which my *friendships* were hurtful to my fortune, I wished to hit on the way of making some of them beneficial to it. For this purpose, my wife and I have, for a good while past, been employed in looking out for some snug office, or reversion, to which my interest with several powerful friends might recommend me. But, somehow or other, our expectations have been always disappointed; not from any want of inclination in our friends to serve us, as we have been repeatedly assured, but from various unforeseen accidents, to which expectations of that sort are particularly liable. In the course of these solicitations, I was led to engage in the political interests of a gentleman, on whose influence I built the strongest hopes of success in my own schemes; and I flattered myself, that, from the friendly footing on which I stood with my neighbours, I might be of considerable service to him. This, indeed, he is extremely ready to acknowledge, though he has never yet found an opportunity of returning the favour; but, in the mean time, it kept my table open to all his *friends*, as well as my own, and cost me, besides, a head-ach twice a week during the whole period of the canvas.

In short, Mr. Mirror, I find I can afford to keep myself in friends no longer. I mean to give them warning of this my resolution as speedily as possible. Be so good, therefore, as inform such of them as read your paper, that I have shut my gates, locked

my cellar, turned off my cook, disposed of my dogs, forgot my acquaintance, and am resolved henceforward, let people say of me what they will, to be *no one's friend but my own.*

I am, &c.

JOHN HEARTY.

I

N° 79. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1780.

——Tanto major famæ sitis est quam virtutis.
JUVENAL, Sat. 10.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

THERE is, perhaps, no character in the world more frequent than that of your negatively good men; people who strictly conform to the laws of decency and good order in society, whose conduct is squared to the rules of honesty and morality, and yet who never did one virtuous or laudable action from the day of their birth. Men of this sort seem to consider life as a journey through a barbarous country, occupied by savages, and overspread with dangers in every quarter. Their only wish is to steer the safest course, to escape any hidden snares of precipices, and to avoid exasperating the enemy; but to win them by offices of kindness, or attach them by real services, they consider as a fruitless waste of time, a needless expence, and often a dangerous experiment.

It is not a little surprising, that these *good sort of men* should, by the decency of their exterior deportment, so far impose upon the world, as to glide on with ease and safety, to arrive often at riches and eminence, and, from being free of the censure of every species of open vice, to obtain, not unfrequently, the respect which is due to virtue.

You, Mr. Mirror, like some other rigid moralists, seem, from the general strain of your writings, to require something more towards the formation of a *good man* than the mere absence of evil, or the mere *livery* of goodness. It must be allowed, however, that by a scrupulous observance of certain rules of decorum, and a timely use of the language and dialect of virtue, the exterior and visible part of the character is to be attained, which, for most of the useful purposes of life, seems to be quite sufficient. But as there are still a few who go a little deeper, and are scrupulous enough to require a purity of heart as well as of manners, it is pity that those sincere good people should lose all recompence for the sacrifice they make of many comfortable gratifications, while they see the rewards of virtue as certainly attained at a much smaller expence.

From my concern for the few I have mentioned, I have been considering, whether it were not possible to devise some means of unmasking those of the former character, some standard by which the two classes might be compared, or statical balance which should shew the difference of weight and solidity of such objects as have a similar appearance. I think, Sir, I have been successful, and shall now propose to you my plan.

Imprimis, I lay it down as a rule, that men shall not be judged of by the actions they perform, but by such as they do not perform. Now, Sir, as those

useful chronicles of facts, called *newspapers*, have hitherto been only the records of what men have been daily a-doing, I propose to publish a newspaper of a different kind, which shall contain the daily intelligence of all such things as are not done.

For the benefit of such as chuse to encourage my undertaking, I send you a specimen of the work, which I can safely promise, and hereby engage, shall contain more in quantity than any other periodical register whatever.

'Saturday last, being the festival of Christmas, a 'day which the late worthy Sir Thomas W——— 'used to commemorate by giving a warm dinner to 'all the poor of the parish, the same was celebrated 'by his son, the present Sir Thomas, with no so-'lemnity whatever.'

'Yesterday George B———, Esq; who, by the 'death of an uncle, succeeded lately to an estate of '£.4000 *per annum*, gave no answer to five charity-'letters from the natural children of his deceased re-'lation, and their mother, who works hard for their 'maintenance.'

'In the course of last week four poor people died 'in the streets—owing to the great *inclemency* of the 'season.'

'On Friday the 24th ult. the Duke of——— 'visited the Royal Infirmary of this city, and, after 'perusing the list of contributions to that humane 'and useful foundation, was pleased to give a—— 'pinch of snuff to the gentleman that stood next 'him.'

'It was confidently reported some days ago, that 'C—— W——, Esq. had paid his father's debts; 'but this, we are assured, is without foundation.'

'In the action lately brought by E. L. a *pauper*, 'against her son-in-law Lord——, for an alimony,

'several eminent counsel being applied to in behalf 'of the plantiff, refused to take any concern in so 'shameful a prosecution.'

'W. P. Esq; who lately sustained a considerable 'loss by play, has not, as was asserted, sold his hun- 'ters and pack of harriers. He has only dismissed 'his chaplain, and cut off the allowance of some su- 'perannuated domestics, on whom his father bestow- 'ed annual pensions.'

'Whereas it has been reported, that R. V. Esq; 'who sometime ago made a composition with his 'creditors of five shillings in the pound, has of late 'given several entertainments of three courses, we 'are desired to inform the public, from the best au- 'thority, viz. his butler, that the said gentleman 'never gives more than two courses and a dessert.'

'Last night, between the hours of nine and ten, 'a fire broke out in the kitchen of R. H. Esq; 'which, after burning with some violence, for two 'hours, was happily extinguished. It did no far- 'ther damage than the consuming of about 20 lb. 'of coals. It is surprising how very few *such acci-* '*dents* have happened of late years.'

Such, Mr. MIRROR, is the nature of the paper which I propose shall daily give intelligence of whatever is omitted to be done in this city and its environs. Besides the recommendation of novelty, its general usefulness must be so apparent, that I can have very little doubt of its extensive circulation.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

INTEGER.

I have been favoured, by an ingenious Correspondent, with the following observations on Pastoral Poetry.

No species of poetry has given occasion to more observation and criticism than what is called *pastoral*; though I am still inclined to suspect that the nature of this composition has not, after all, been properly ascertained. The critics have prescribed a great number of rules upon that subject, but without attempting to point out any principle in nature upon which they are founded; expecting, perhaps, that, like receipts, they should be implicitly followed upon the mere authority of the persons by whom they are delivered. Thus we are informed that an *eclogue*, or *pastoral*, is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or of one considered under that character; and that those who have introduced *reapers*, or *fishermen*, into this sort of composition, have acted improperly. Although an eclogue, however, ought to represent the manners of a shepherd, we are told that those manners should be painted, not as they are found in nature, but according to an ideal standard of perfection in what is called the *golden age*, where mankind live a life of simplicity untainted by vice, and maintain a serenity and tranquillity of mind undisturbed by avarice or ambition. In short, the actions of a shepherd, exhibited in this sort of writing, ought to have little resemblance to such as exist at present among that class of people, or probably ever did exist in any period of the world.

Is there not something mighty whimsical and arbitrary in these critical tenets? May we not be permitted to ask why a species of poetry should be appropriated to one particular profession or occupation, in contradistinction to all others? What is there in the life of a shepherd to distinguish it from that of the other inhabitants of a country, and to mark the peculiar style and character of those verses which are employed in describing it?

A *pastoral* ought, in my opinion, to be distinguished from any other poem, not so much by the class of people whom it proposes to exhibit, as by the kind of sentiments which it is designed to express. Love and friendship give rise to sentiments which are apt to engross the whole imagination, and to have an extensive influence upon the disposition and temper. The sensibility and delicacy produced in a mind where these affections are prevalent, is liable to be disgusted with the ordinary commerce of society, to feel an aversion to the cares and bustle of an active life, and a high relish for the ease and indolent enjoyments connected with rural retirement.

> And Wisdom's self
> Oft seeks the sweet retired solitude,
> Where, with her best nurse Contemplation,
> She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
> That, in the bustling hurry of resort,
> Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.

As these dispositions and sentiments have a peculiar tone and character, that poetry in which they are expressed is, with propriety, considered as distinct from every other; being obviously different from that which is employed in describing great and heroic actions, or from that which is intended to call forth sympathy by scenes of distress, or from that

which is calculated to excite laughter by exhibiting objects of folly and ridicule.

In a poem expressive of tender sentiments, it seems necessary that the scene should be laid at a distance from places of business and public resort, and should be filled with a description of rural objects and amusements. Shepherds, therefore, being the earliest inhabitants of the country, enjoying ease and happiness, were naturally pitched upon as the only persons who could, with probability, be represented in compositions of this nature. Hence it seems to have arisen, that the readers of such poems, and even critics, attending more to the sensible objects that were exhibited, than to the end which the poet had in view, have considered that as primary which was merely an accidental circumstance; and have regarded the employment of tending flocks as essential in the persons represented. It is in consequence of this that the name of *pastoral* is now commonly appropriated to that sort of composition, which has been substituted in place of *Eclogues*, *Idyllia*, *Sylvæ*, and several others used by ancient authors. No reason, however, occurs for adhering to those early ideas in the present state of the world, where the situation of things is totally changed. Many people at present may, with probability, be supposed to live in the country, whose situation in life has no connection with that of shepherds, and yet whose character is equally suitable to the sentiments which ought to prevail in that species of writing.

It may even be doubted whether the representation of sentiments belonging to the *real* inhabitants of the country, who are strangers to all refinement, or those entertained by a person of an elegant and cultivated mind, who, from choice, retires into the country, with a view of enjoying those pleasures which it affords, is calculated to produce a

more interesting picture. If the former is recommended by its *naïveté*, and simplicity, it may be expected that the latter should have the preference in point of beauty and variety.

Two of the greatest poets of antiquity have described the pleasures of a country life in these two different aspects. The former view is exhibited, with great propriety and elegance, in one of the most beautiful poems of *Horace*:

Quod si pudica mulier in partem juvans
Domum, atque dulces liberos;
(Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus
Pernicis uxor Appuli)
Sacrum vetustis exstruat lignis focum
Lassi sub adventum viri:
Claudensque textis cratibus lætum pecus
Distenta siccet ubera;
Et horna dulci vina promens dolio
Dapes inemptas apparet.

Epod. 2.

But if a chaste and virtuous wife
Assist him in the tender care,
Of sun-burnt charms, but honest fame
(Such as the Sabine or Apulian dame);
Fatigued when homeward he returns,
The sacred fire with cheerful lustre burns;
Or if she milk her swelling kine,
Or in their folds his happy flock confine;
While unbought dainties crown the feast,
And luscious wines from this year's vintage prest.

FRANCIS.

The more elevated *Virgil* has given a picture of the latter kind no less delightful, in that passage at the end of the second book of the *Georgics*, beginning,

O fortunatos nimium sua si bona nôrint
Agricolas.——

O happy if he knew his happy state
The swain.———

The enlargement of the field of pastoral poetry, which is here suggested, would surely be of advantage, considering how much the common topics of that species of writing are already exhausted. We are become weary of the ordinary sentiments of shepherds, which have been so often repeated, and which have usually nothing but the variety of expression to recommend them. The greater part of the productions which have appeared under the name of pastorals are, accordingly, so insipid, as to have excited little attention, which is the more remarkable, because the subjects which they treat of naturally interest the affections, and are easily painted in such delusive colours as tend to soothe the imagination by romantic dreams of happiness.

Mr. *de Fontenelle* has attempted to write pastorals, upon the extensive plan above mentioned; but, though this author writes with great elegance in prose, his poetical talents seem rather below mediocrity; so that it is not likely he will be regarded, by succeeding poets, as a model for imitation.

N°80. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1780.

——— Ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.
HOR.

AUTHORS have been divided into two classes, the instructive and the entertaining; to which has been added a third, who mix, according to *Horace*, the '*utile dulci*,' and are, in his opinion, entitled to the highest degree of applause.

Readers complain, that in none of these departments is there, in modern writing, much pretension to originality. In science, they say, so much has been already discovered, that all a modern writer has left, is, to explain and enforce the systems of our predecessors; and, in literature, our fathers have so exhausted the acuteness of reasoning, the flashes of wit, the luxuriance of description, and the invention of incident, that an author now-a-days can only give new form, not matter, to his argument; a new turn, not thought, to his epigram; new attitudes, not object, to his picture; new language, not situation, to his story.

However true this complaint may be in the main, there is one class of writers to whom the charge of triteness does, I apprehend, very little apply. They are generally of the first species mentioned above, who publish useful information to mankind; yet in the last quarter of the 18th century, their information is often as new as if they had written in the infancy of art and of science, when every field

was open to the researches of industry, and the invention of genius. The writers I allude to, are the authors of those little essays which appear in the learned world under the title of ADVERTISEMENTS.

The necessary and ornamental arts of life are equally the objects of the class of authors whom I describe. In both, I will venture to assert, that the novelty of their productions is equal to their usefulness.

It was formerly imagined, that disease was an evil which mankind had inherited as a punishment for the lapse of their progenitor. *Milton* has given, in his Paradise Lost, a catalogue of some of those tormenting maladies which were to be felt by the race of fallen *Adam*.——So has Dr. *Dominiceti* in an advertisement, which is now lying before me; but, with the most extraordinary force of original discovery, has informed us, that, in his treatment of those disorders, there is no evil, no pain, but, on the contrary, much pleasure, and even luxury. '*I engage*,' says the Doctor, '*with* pleasure *and even* luxury, *to the patient, to increase or diminish the vital heat, and the circulatory, secretory, and excretory functions; to soften and relax the too hard and dry muscular and nervous fibres, and contracted ligaments; and to harden and make compact, and give the proper tone and elasticity to the too moist and flabby muscular and nervous fibres, and relaxed sinews, and provide and establish an equilibrium between the fluids and vessels; to sweeten acrid, corrosive, and saline humours; and to cure the dropsy, asthma, consumptions, colic, gravel, rheumatism, palsy, pleurisy, and fevers, stone and gout, scurvy and leprosy; to mollify and destroy inveterate callosities, to deterge and cure obstinate ulcers*, &c.

'*These*

'These are not the representations of a Quack's bill; 'I detest the arts of quackery as much as any man living. I deal not in nostrums or mysteries, or magic 'or expedient to captivate:

'Non sibi, sed toto genitum se credere mundo.'

If he who invented one new pleasure was formerly thought entitled to imperial munificence, what reward does the Doctor deserve, who has added as many luxuries to the list, as there are diseases in the catalogues of nosology? *Scotland*, though not remarkable in this department of literature, has the honour of producing an author, who, in an advertisement published not long ago, has added to the stores of *natural history* the following very curious facts with regard to the properties of air and heat. Mr. *Fair*, mason, opposite to the White Hart Inn, Grass-market, Edinburgh, thus delivers himself on the subject of *pneumatics*: '*Air and smoke*,' says he, '*are two elastic fluids, capable of being condensed 'and expanded. Heat, or the fire in the grate, expands 'the air. Being expanded, it becomes lighter. And, 'as it is in nature for light matter to swim to the top of 'heavier, it rises up the vent, carrying the smoke along 'with it. This is the principle by which fire burns, 'and smoke ascends. Now, that the particles of air may 'be brought above the fire, that they may be heated to 'expand and carry off the smoke, should be the chief 'care of a mason in finishing of the fire-places. On the 'contrary it is the cause of smoke.*

'*The other cause of smoke is the wind. Wind is a 'current of the air always rushing into voids. At the 'same time it goes forward, by the law of gravity, it 'has a tendency to press downwards. Now, when it 'blows over any one object higher than the chimney-top,*

'*gravity brings it downward, pressing the smoke before it.*'

It will be observed, that, like many other great theorists, Mr. *Fair* uses a language in some places a little obscure; and that in others, as where he mentions the tendency of wind to press downwards, his expression borders on the jocular; a liberty in which some of the greatest philosophers have frequently indulged.

These discoveries, however new and astonishing, are not supernatural. But I have just now read an advertisement, which carries its information *beyond the bounds of space and time:* and though the modesty of its author allows that she has borrowed something from the *Eastern Magi*, may fairly be deemed an original. *Mrs. Corbyn, at* No. 41, *Stan-*
'*hope-street, Clare-market, London, by the genuine*
'*rules of the real astronomical arcana, for which the*
'*wise men of the East were so noted, undertakes to an-*
'*swer all legal astrological questions, in a most surpri-*
'*sing manner. Continues to give the most amazing ac-*
'*counts of persons by sea and land. Gives attendance*
'*at the warehouse every day from ten in the morning to*
'*eight at night.*' The wise men of the East and some other astrologers, might perhaps *retail* some predictions; but the idea of a *warehouse* of prophecy was, I am persuaded, reserved for Mrs. *Corbyn* of *Clare-market.*

In the *ornamental* department of science, has there been any thing, since the days of *Medea*, that could so effectually give beauty to homeliness, or restore youth to age, as the *Circassian Wash*, or the *Venetian Flower-water?* or has the cunning of art ever rivalled the productions of nature more successfully than in the *Elastic Cushion* and *Spring Curls*, '*which,*' says the advertisement, '*are as natural and*

'becoming, nay, by many thought more so, than the na-'tural hair itself?'

Nor is the merit of those gentlemen much inferior, where they apply arts already discovered, to purposes which their inventors never dreamed of. *Socrates* was said to have brought down philosophy from heaven to dwell with men. I think the same eulogium may be fairly bestowed on the very ingenious artist, who has informed us in an advertisement, '*That he makes* leather-breeches *by the rules of* 'trigonometry.'

Having thus done justice to the merit of those authors in point of substance, I proceed to shew their excellence in the composition and style of their productions. Amidst a variety of instances, I shall make choice of one, merely because it strikes my view in last night's Public Advertiser. It is the production of a very voluminous writer in this department, Mr. *Norton*, of *Golden-square*.

'*E. S. Gent. of Tenterden in Kent, was long af-'flicted with an inveterate scorbutic disorder. It first 'broke out in hot pimples and dry scales all over his 'face; then appeared in great blotches on various parts 'of his body, and œdimatous swellings in his legs, which 'terminated in dreadful excoriations and fœtid ulcers. 'All this was attended with a total loss of appetite, and, 'at last, with such extreme languor and debility, that 'the poor gentleman was utterly despaired of by several 'of the most eminent of the faculty who attended him; 'till, at last, by the providential discovery in the news-'papers, of the efficacy of* Maredant's drops, *by taking 'a few bottles of them, all the above terrible symptoms 'began gradually to disappear, his appetite returned, 'his complexion regained its pristine bloom, his skin 'became as smooth as that of a new-born babe, and 'his flesh recovered the soundness and elasticity of the 'most vigorous habit. He has ever since been perfectly*

'stout, hale, and active, and has had three children born 'to him, all thriving and healthy.'

This may be considered as a sort of tragi-comic recital, and, if examined by the rules of Aristotle, will be found to contain all the requisites of the best dramatic composition. Here is a beginning, a middle, and an end. The beginning, the breaking out of Mr. S.'s disorder; the middle, the progress of the disease; the end, its perfect cure. Here too, in some sort, is the Αγνωρισις, and here evidently, the Περιπετεια, the two great beauties of a perfect drama; the Αγνωρισις, the providential discovery of Maredant's drops; the Περιπετεια, the change of situation from pimples and scales to a blooming complexion, from blotches and ulcers to smoothness of skin and soundness of flesh, from extreme debility and languor, to being the father of healthy children.

Nor is this class of writers less remarkable for adaptation of style than for correctness of composition. The advertisement above recited of Dr. *Dominiceti*, and the daily performances of Mess. *Christie* and *Ansell*, shew to what *elevation* they can raise it, when the subject requires elevation. On the other hand, where shall we find more truly characteristic simplicity than in the following notice from a gentleman-tailor? *'Wanted, by a single gentleman-tailor, a 'servant maid, to act as house-keeper and cook, where 'a girl is kept to attend and wait upon the master. 'None need apply who will pretend to manage the 'kitchen fire without his directions, as he understands 'the management of coal-fires, which few servants in 'this town do. As he commonly dines out of a Sunday, 'he expects his servants to go to church, instead of cooking 'dainties to themselves, such as shoulders of veal stuffed '&c.; as, though he is a single man he is very well in-'structed by a neighbour how to manage his family.—— 'Apply next door to the steps, Panton Square.'*

Other writers, often equally poor and proud, may perhaps object to the class of authors whom I commemorate, that they write not from the love of science, or the desire of fame, but from motives merely interested and selfish. But a little acquaintance with many of their productions will effectually remove this reproach. Is it not benevolence alone that forces Mr. *Speediman*, in spite of his natural modesty, to address the public in an advertisement? 'Mr. Speediman *would be unjust to the Public if he 'any longer delayed acquainting them of the virtues of 'his* stomach pills.' Are there not daily advertisements of sales '*far below prime cost*,' which continue for several years to the evident advantage of the Public, and loss of the advertiser? and does not Mr *Molesworth* press adventurers in the lottery to purchase his tickets and shares, though he knows, by certain calculation, that they are to be drawn *prizes?*

To such men may not the above quoted motto of the illustrious Dr. *Dominiceti* be most deservedly applied?

'Non sibi, sed toto genitum se credere mundo;'

which, however, as malice is always ready to detract from merit, I heard a wicked wag of my acquaintance translate t'other day to a company of ladies, That the Doctor's fumigations 'were to 'make himself live, and to kill all the world beside.'

N° 81. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

SOME time ago you inserted in your paper a letter from a lady who subscribed herself *S. M.* giving an account of the hardships she has suffered as the daughter of a man of fortune, educated in the midst of affluence, and then left to the support of a very slender provision. I own the situation to be a hard one; but it may perhaps, afford her some consolation to be told, that there are others, seemingly enviable, which are yet as distressful, that derive their distresses from circumstances exactly the reverse of those in which Miss *S. M.* is placed.

I lost my father, a gentleman of considerable fortune, at an age so early, that his death has scarce left any traces on my mind. I can only recollect that there was something of bustle, as well as of sorrow, all over the house; that my coloured *sash* was changed for a black one; and that I was not allowed to drink papa's health after dinner, which, before, I had been taught regularly to do. Soon after, I can remember my mamma being sick, and that there was a little brother born who was much more attended to than I. As we grew up, I can remember his getting finer play-things, and being oftener the subject of discourse among our visitors; and that sometimes, when there were little quarrels in the nursery, *Billy*'s maid would tell mine, that Miss must wait till her betters were served.

A superiority to which I was so early accustomed, it gave me little uneasiness to bear. The vivacity natural to children, which in me was supported by uninterrupted good health, left me no leisure to complain of a preference, by which, though my brother was distinguished, he was seldom or never made happier. The notice, indeed, to which his birthright entitled him, was often more a hardship than a privilege. He was frequently kept in the drawing-room with mamma, when he would have much rather been with me in the garden; he was made to repeat his lesson to the company, that they might admire his parts and his progress, while I was suffered to be playing blindman's-buff below stairs; he was set at dinner with the old folks, helped to light things that would not hurt him, obliged to drink toast and water, and to behave himself like a gentleman, while I was allowed to devour apple-dumplin, gulp down small-beer, and play monkey-tricks at the side-table.

That care, however, which watched his health, was not repaid with success; he was always more delicate, and more subject to little disorders, than I; and at last, after completing his seventh year, was seized with a fever, which, in a few days, put an end to his life, and transferred to me the inheritance of my ancestors.

After the first transports of my mother's grief were subsided, she began to apply herself to the care of her surviving child. I was now become inheritress of her anxiety, as well as of my father's fortune; a remarkable change was made in every department of my education, my company, and my amusements. Instead of going along with a set of other girls of my own age to a class for learning *French*, and a public *writing-school*, teachers were brought into the house to instruct me privately; and though

I still went to a *dancing-school* three days in the week to practise the lessons which I received from an eminent master at home, yet I was always attended by my mother, my governess, or somebody, by whose side I was stuck up before and after the dance, to the great vexation of myself and the ridicule of my former companions. Of companions, indeed, I was now altogether deprived. I was too considerable a person to associate with those in whose sports and amusements I had formerly been so happy to share; if at any time I ventured to mention a wish for their society, I was immediately checked by an observation of my mamma, that she believed they were very good girls, but not fit company for me.

To prevent the solitude in which my superiority would have thus placed me, a little girl, an orphan niece of my mother's maid, was taken into the house, whose office it was to attend me during all my hours of study or amusement, to hold the pincushion while my maid was dressing me, to get lessons along with me, and be chid if I neglected them; to play games at *Draughts*, which she was never to win, and to lift the *shuttlecock*, which I commonly let fall; in short, she was to serve me for the practice of all that insolence which the precepts of others had taught me I had a right to assume. I feel, at this moment, Mr. MIRROR, the most sincere compunction for the hardships which this poor girl suffered while she was with me; hardships, from which, at last, she freed herself, by running off with a recruiting serjeant; yet I was taught, at the time, to call her subsistence a bounty, and to account myself generous when I bestowed any trifle beyond it.

While my mind was thus encouraged in perversion, the culture of my body was little less preposterous. The freedom and exercise which formerly

bestowed health and vigour, I now exchanged for the constraints of fashion, and the laziness of pride. Every shackle of dress which the daughters of any great man were understood to wear, I was immediately provided with, because I could afford it as well as they. I was never allowed the use of my limbs, because I could *afford* a coach; and, when attacked by the slightest disorder, immediate recourse was had to the physician, because I could *afford* a fee. The consequence was natural; I lost all my former spirits, as well as my former bloom; and, when I first put on the womanly garb, I was a fine lady complete, with cheeks as pale and nerves as weak as the finest.

I was now arrived at a period when attention and anxiety were to be pointed almost solely to one object, the disposal of my person in marriage. With regard to this event, I was equally the slave of my mother's hopes and fears. I was dressed and redressed, squeezed and pinched, that I might catch a fine gentleman who had lately returned from his travels. I was often hurried several miles in the dark to a ball at our country-town, to display myself to a Lord, who was to be of the party there; I was walked over hedge and ditch, in order to captivate a country 'squire of a very large estate in our neighbourhood; and I was once obliged to hazard my neck, that I might go out a hunting with a Duke. On the other hand, I was in perfect durance when any improper man had been seen to look at me. I was forced to leave the parish-church, upon information received of a young gentleman having bribed the beadle with a shilling, to admit him into the next pew; my dancing master was changed, because his wife died while he was attending me; and my drawing-master, an old batchelor of threescore, was dismissed because he

happened to put his hand on mine in shewing me how to manage my *Crayons*. The only poor man with whom I was allowed to associate was the clergyman of our parish, a very old gentleman of the most irreproachable character. To this indulgence, however, I was more indebted than my mother was aware, or I had any reason to hope. Possessed of excellent sense and great learning, the good man was at pains to teach me the use of the first, and the value of the latter. By his assistance, my mind, which before had always been either uncultivated or misled, was informed with knowledge more useful than the extent of my fortune or the privileges of my birth. He shewed me the folly of pride, and the meanness of insolence; he taught me the respect due to merit, the tenderness to poverty, the reverence to misfortune; from him I first learnt the dignity of condescension, the pleasures of civility, the luxury of beneficence. He died, alas! before I could receive the full benefit of his instructions, before he was able to eradicate the effects of early perversion and habitual indulgence; and left me rather in a condition to feel the weakness of my mind, than to recover its strength.

My mother did not long survive him. I had been forced to see the errors of her judgment, though I could never doubt the warmth of her affection. I was unfortunate enough to lose her assistance, when her assistance would have been more useful and her indulgence less prejudicial. In the management of my fortune, which has now devolved on me, I am perplexed with business which I do not understand, and harassed by applications which I know not how to answer. I am sometimes puzzled with schemes for improving my estate, sometimes frightened with dangers that threaten to

diminish it; I am vexed with the complaints of poor tenants, and plagued with the litigiousness of rich ones. I never open a letter from my steward in the country without uneasiness; and a visit from my agent in town is to me like that of a bailiff. Amidst all these difficulties, I have no relation whom I can trust, and no friend to whom I can lean; the interest which people have in deceiving me deprives me of confidence in advice, or pleasure in approbation. In short, it is my singular misfortune to possess wealth with all the embarrassment of poverty, and power with all the dependance of meanness.

I am, &c.

OLIVIA.

V

N° 82. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1780.

THE paper of to day was received from an unknown hand several weeks ago. The publication of it may, perhaps, appear rather unseasonable, after the last Gazette. There is still, however, much truth in my Correspondent's observations, who, I dare say, will not regret that Sir *George Rodney*'s success has somewhat lessened their force.

For the Mirror.

Romulus et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,
Post ingentia facta, Deorum in templa recepti.
HOR. Ep.

Men, who either possess a natural softness of temper, or who have been unfortunate in the world from accident or imprudence, or perhaps think they have been so from over-rating their own deserts, are apt to ascribe to human nature a variety of vices and imperfections. They consider these as the chief ingredients of the composition of mankind, and that their virtues and good qualities are only exceptions from the general rule, like accidental strokes of genius, or colouring in the works of a painter, whose performances, on the whole, are coarse and irregular.

Nothing can be more groundless and unjust than this accusation. I am convinced that, upon a thorough examination, though we might discover many vicious and profligate individuals, we should find, in general, that human nature is virtuous and well-disposed, and little merits the abuse that peevish or unfortunate men are inclined to bestow upon it.

One charge, much insisted upon against mankind, is public ingratitude. With what justice or truth this is urged, we may judge, by examining the behaviour of men from the earliest period to the present times; and, in doing so, I flatter myself we shall be able to discover that the reverse is true, and that a strong spirit of gratitude has appeared on all occasions where it was due, though in different ages and countries it has been expressed in a different manner.

In Egypt and ancient Greece, the tribute paid by the public voice to the benefactors of mankind, was to consider them as objects of divine worship, and for that purpose to inroll them among the gods. Such was *Ceres*, for the invention of corn; *Bacchus*, for the discovery of wine; and a variety of others, with whom every school-boy is acquainted. If a man of superior strength and valour happened to repel an invader, destroy a monster, or perform any notable deed of public service, he was revered while living, and after his death his memory was respected, and a species of inferior worship was paid to him, as a hero, or a demi-god.

In later times, in the Grecian states, the general who fought a successful battle, or destroyed an enemy's fleet, had statues erected to him by the public voice, and at the expence of the public. The Romans did not think of honouring their active or fortunate commanders with statues; but they had their triumphs and ovations bestowed by the public, and supported by the voluntary applause and attendance of a grateful populace.

I should be extremely sorry if the moderns yielded in the article of public gratitude either to the Greeks or Romans. I shall not enter upon the practice or manners of other European nations; but I can venture to assert, with some degree of confidence, that the people of Great Britain possess a degree of public gratitude unexampled in any other age or country.

In making this assertion, I do not allude to public monuments, hereditary pensions, or thanks of parliament, which, though of a public, and seemingly of a general nature, may nevertheless proceed from a very limited cause. I allude to that universal effusion of honest gratitude which the good people of England frequently bestow on suc-

cessful commanders, by putting up their pictures as *signs* for their taverns and alehouses and frequenting these more than any other, till the reputation of the original begins to be obscured by the rising glory of some new favourite.

I must, at the same time, observe, that great statesmen have seldom experienced this mark of public applause. The late Mr. *Pitt* was, indeed, an exception from the remark; but he was, in fact, a minister of war only, and never meddled with finance. A first Lord of the Treasury, let him be as wise as *Ximenes*, and as moderate as *Fleury*, cannot expect to be revered on the sign-post of an alehouse; every article of consumpt there has felt the weight of his hand; and whether the company get drunk in wine or punch, or enjoy the cool collations of tea and coffee, still the reckoning recalls ideas that lead to execrations on the whole system of finance and taxation, from the department of the first minister to the walk of the lowest exciseman; and, by an easy transition, the dislike of the system and the offices passes, in some degree, to the persons of those who fill them.

But as the same cause of unmerited obloquy does not exist with respect to our admirals and generals, they have been often and much the objects of this species of public gratitude. It is needless to go far back. In the year 1739, Admiral *Vernon* took *Porto-bello, with six ships only*. The public gratitude to him was boundless.—He was sung in ballads. —At the ensuing general election in 1741, he was returned from three different corporations; but, above all, his portrait filled every sign-post; and he may be figuratively said to have sold the ale, beer, porter, and purl of England for six years.

Towards the close of that period, the Admiral's favour began to fade apace with the colours of his uniform; and the battle of Culloden was total annihilation to him. When the news of that victory reached England, a new object presented itself to the public favour; and the honest Admiral, in every sign-post, made way for the more portly figure of the *glorious Duke of Cumberland*.

The Duke kept possession of the sign-posts a long time. In the beginning of last war, our Admiral in the Mediterranean, and our Generals in North America, did nothing that could tend, in the least degree, to move his Royal Highness from his place; but the doubtful battle of *Hamellan*, followed by the unfortunate convention of *Stade*, and the rising glories of the *King of Prussia*, obliterated the glorious Duke of Cumberland as effectually as his Royal Highness and the battle of Culloden had effaced the figure, the memory, and the renown of Admiral Vernon.

The Duke was so totally displaced by his Prussian Majesty, that I have some doubts whether he met with fair play. One circumstance, indeed, was much against him; his figure being marked by a hat with the *Kevenhuller* cock, a military uniform, and a fierce look, a very slight touch of the painter converted him into the King of Prussia; but what crowned the success of his Prussian Majesty, was the title bestowed upon him by the brothers of the brush, '*The glorious Protestant Hero*;' words which added splendour to every sign-post and which no British subject could read, without peculiar sensations of veneration and of thirst.

For two years *the glorious Protestant Hero* was unrivalled; but the French being beat at Minden upon the 1st of August 1759, by the army under

Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, the King of Prussia began to give place a little to two popular favourites who started at the same time, I mean *Prince Ferdinand* and the *Marquis of Granby*. *Prince Ferdinand* was supported altogether by his good conduct at Minden, and his high reputation over Europe as a general;—the *Marquis of Granby* behaved with spirit and personal courage every where; but his success in the sign-posts of England was much owing to a comparison generally made between him and another British general of higher rank, but who was supposed not to have behaved so well. Perhaps, too, he was a good deal indebted to another circumstance, to wit, the *baldness* of his head.

The next who figured in the sign-post way was the celebrated *John Wilkes*, Esq.—This public honour conferred on him was also an effusion of gratitude; for he was supposed to have written the Earl of *Bute*, who was both a Scotsman and a favourite, out of power, and to have resisted and explained the illegality of general warrants. Besides, he fought a bloodless duel with E. *Talbot*, and was shot in the cause of liberty by Mr. *Martin* of the treasury. All these were great weights in the scale of popularity; and, though Mr. *Wilkes* never attained the glory either of *Admiral Vernon* or the *Duke of Cumberland*, yet his visage has filled many a sign-post, and much ale and gin has been sold under his auspices.

These are the last whom the people of Great Britain have thought worthy of being so honoured; and though the thing itself may seem ludicrous, yet the tale has a moral, by no means flattering to the well-wishers of this country. We have been now for five years employed in attempting to reduce our rebellious colonies; we have been two years at war with France, and one with Spain; many troops have been raised, many millions have been expended; ex-

peditions without number have been planned and supported, and the most powerful fleets have been fitted out that the coasts and dock-yards of England ever beheld; yet, during this long period, with so many opportunities, and so much force, we have not an admiral whose head would sell a single can of flip, nor a general whose full length would procure custom for an additional pot of porter.

That this expression of public gratitude may be sometimes misplaced, I will by no means deny; but still this tribute paid by the people is more likely, than any other circumstance, to be a sure proof of real merit. The Sovereign may be misinformed as to the deservings of those whom he is pleased to honour; and although, in the present reign, no substantial mark of unmerited favour has been conferred, yet every body remembers the late *General Blakeney*, who gave up Minorca, made a lord for defending it, merely to support a sinking administration. What reliance can be had on the thanks of parliament as a proof of public merit, may be learned from the answer of a gallant sea-officer (not an admiral), who, upon being told that the House of Commons meant to give him thanks for his intrepid and successful conduct on the coast of France, swore, if they did, he would instantly resign his commission.

Perhaps at that time, some recent instance of party injustice and partiality had brought the thanks of parliament into disrepute; but, be that as it may, I shall never think our affairs, either by sea or land, in a prosperous condition, till I see the sign-posts of England filled with fresh figures of generals and admirals. When that happens, it will be a sure proof that our affairs have taken a favourable turn, and that some of our commanders have, at last, acted in

a manner suitable to the troops and treasure with which, from the beginning of this war, they have all been so liberally supplied.

N° 83. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY, 22, 1780.

In a paper published at *Edinburgh*, it would be improper to enter into any comparison of the writers of this country with those on the other side of the *Tweed:* but, whatever be the comparative rank of *Scottish* and *English* authors, it must surely be allowed, that, of late, there have been writers in this country, upon different subjects, who are possessed of very considerable merit. In one species of writing, however, in works and compositions of *humour*, there can be no sort of doubt that the *English* stand perfectly unrivalled by their northern neighbours. The *English* excel in comedy; several of their romances are replete with the most humorous representations of life and character, and many of their other works are full of excellent ridicule. But, in *Scotland*, we have hardly any book which aims at humour, and of the very few which do, still fewer have any degree of merit. Though we have tragedies written by *Scots* authors, we have no comedy, excepting *Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd;* and though we have tender novels, we have none of humour, excepting those of *Smollet*, who, from his long residence in *England*, can hardly be said to have acquired in this country his talent for writing; nor can we,

or the same reason, lay a perfect claim to *Arbuthnot*, who is still a more illustrious exception to my general remark. There must be something in the national genius of the two people which makes this remarkable difference in their writings, though it may be difficult to discover from what cause it arises.

I am inclined to suspect, that there is something in the situation and present government of *Scotland*, which may, in part, account for this difference in the genius of the two countries. *Scotland*, before the union of the two kingdoms, was a separate state, with a parliament and constitution of its own. Now the seat of government is removed, and its constitution is involved in that of *England*. At the time the two nations came to be so intimately connected, its great men were less affluent than those of *England*, its agriculture was little advanced and its manufactures were in their infancy. A *Scotsman* was, therefore, in this situation, obliged to exert every nerve, that he might be able to hold his place.

If preferment, or offices in public life, were his object, he was obliged to remove from home to a city, which, though now the metropolis of the united kingdoms, had formerly been to him a sort of foreign capital. If wealth was the object of his pursuit, he could only acquire it at home by great industry and perseverance; and if he found he could not easily succeed in his own country, he repaired to other countries, where he expected to be able to amass a fortune. Hence it has been remarked, that there are more natives of *Scotland* to be found abroad than of any other country.

People in this situation are not apt to indulge themselves in humour; and few humorous characters will appear. It is only in countries where

men wanton in the extravagancies of wealth, that some are led to indulge a particular vein of character, and that others are induced to delineate and express it in writing. Besides, where men are in a situation which makes it necessary for them to push their way in the world, more particularly if they are obliged to do so among strangers, though this may give them a firmness and a resoluteness in their conduct, it will naturally produce a modest caution and reserve in their deportment, which must chill every approach to humour. Hence, though the *Scots* are allowed to be brave and undaunted in dangerous situations; yet bashfulness, reserve, and even timidity of manner, unless when they are called forth to action, are justly considered as making part of their character. Men of this disposition are not apt to have humour; it is the open, the careless, the indifferent, and the forward, who indulge in it; it is the man who does not think of interest, and who sets himself above attending to the proprieties of conduct. But he who has objects of interest in view, who attends with circumspection to his conduct, and finds it necessary to do so, is generally grave and silent, and seldom makes any attempt at humour.

These circumstances may have had a considerable influence upon the genius and temper of the people in *Scotland;* and if they have given a particular formation to the genius of the people in general, they would naturally have a similar effect upon its authors: the genius of an author commonly takes its direction from that of his countrymen.

To these causes, arising from the present situation and government of our country, may be added another circumstance, that of there being no court or seat of the Monarch in *Scotland.* It is only where the court is, that the standard of manners can be fixed; and, of consequence, it is only in the neighbour-

nood of the court that a deviation from that standard can be exactly ascertained, or a departure from it be easily made the object of ridicule. Where there is no court, it becomes of little importance what dress the people wear, what hours they observe, what language they express themselves in, or what is their general deportment. Men living at a distance from the court become also unacquainted with the rules of fashion which it establishes, and are unable to mark or point them out. But the great subject for wit and ludicrous representation arises from men's having a thorough knowledge of what is the fashionable standard of manners, and being able to seize upon, and hold out a departure from it, in an humorous point of view. In *Scotland*, therefore, which, since the removal of the court, has become, in a certain degree, a provincial country, there being no fixed standard of manners within the country itself, one great source of ridicule is cut off, and an author is not led to attempt humorous composition; or, if he does, has little chance of succeeding.

There is another particular which may have had a very considerable effect upon the genius of the *Scots* writers, and that is, the nature of the language in which they write. The old *Scottish* dialect is now banished from our books, and the *English* is substituted in its place. But though our books be written in *English*, our conversation is in *Scotch*. Of our language it may be said, as we are told of the wit of *Sir Hudibras*, that we have a suit for holidays and another for working-days. The *Scottish* dialect is our ordinary suit; the *English* is used only on solemn occasions. When a *Scotsman* therefore writes, he does it generally in trammels. His own native original language, which he hears spoken around him, he does not make use of; but he expresses himself in a language in some respects foreign to him,

and which he has acquired by study and observation. When a celebrated *Scottish* writer, after the publication of his *History of Scotland*, was first introduced to *Lord Chesterfield*, his Lordship, with that happy talent of compliment for which he was so remarkable, addressed him, at parting, in these words: 'I am 'happy, Sir, to have met with you,—happy to have 'passed a day with you,—and extremely happy to 'find that you speak *Scotch*.—It would be too much, 'were you to *speak*, as well as *write* our language, 'better than we do ourselves.'

This circumstance of a *Scottish* author not writing his own natural dialect, must have a considerable influence upon the nature of his literary productions. When he is employed in any grave dignified composition, when he writes history, politics, or poetry, the pains he must take to write, in a manner different from that in which he speaks, will not much affect his productions; the language of such compositions is, in every case, raised above that of common life; and, therefore, the deviation which a *Scottish* author is obliged to make from the common language of the country, can be of little prejudice to him. But if a writer is to descend to common and ludicrous pictures of life; if, in short, he is to deal in humorous composition, his language must be, as nearly as possible, that of common life, that of the bulk of the people; but a *Scotsman* who wishes to write *English* cannot easily do this. He neither speaks the *English* dialect, nor is it spoken by those around him: any knowledge he has acquired of the language is got from books, not from conversation. Hence *Scottish* authors may have been prevented from attempting to write books of humour; and, when they have tried it, we may be able, in some measure, to account for their failure.

In confirmation of these remarks, it may be ob-

served, that almost the only works of humour which we have in this country, are in the *Scottish* dialect, and most of them were written before the union of the kingdoms, when the *Scotch* was the written, as well as the spoken, language of the country. The *Gentle Shepherd*, which is full of natural and ludicrous representations of low life, is written in broad *Scotch*. Many of our ancient *Scottish* ballads are full of humour. If there have been lately any publications of humour in this country, written in good *English*, they have been mostly of the graver sort, called *irony*. In this species of writing, where the author himself never appears to laugh, a more dignified composition is admissible; and, in that case, the disadvantage of writing in a language different from that in which the author speaks, or those around him converse, is not so sensibly felt.

A

N° 84. SATURDAY, FEB. 26, 1780

Clamant periisse pudorem
Cuncti pene patres.

HOR.

To dispute the right of *Fashion* to enlarge, to vary, or to change the ideas, both of man and woman kind, were a want of good breeding, of which the author of a periodical paper, who throws himself, as it were, from day to day, on the protection of the polite world, cannot be supposed capable. I pay, therefore, very little regard to the observations of

some antiquated Correspondents, who pretend to set up what they call the invariable notions of things, against the opinions and practice of people of condition. At the same time, I must observe, that, as there is a *College* in *Physic*, and a *Faculty* (as it is called in *Scotland*) in *Law*; so, in *Fashion*, there is a select body, who enjoy many privileges and immunities, to which pretenders, or inferior practitioners in the art, are by no means entitled. There is a certain grace in the rudeness, and wit in the folly of a person of fashion, to which one of a lower rank has no manner of pretension.

I am afraid that our city (talking like a man who has travelled) is but a sort of mimic metropolis, and cannot fairly pretend to the same licence of making a fool of itself, as *London* or *Paris*. The circle, therefore, taking them in the *gros*, of our fashionable people here, have seldom ventured on the same beautiful irregularity in dress, in behaviour, or in manners, that is frequently practised by the leaders of the *ton* in the capitals of *France* or *England*.

With individuals, the same rule of subordination is to be observed, which, however, persons of extraordinary parts, of genius above their condition, are sometimes apt to overlook. I perceive, in the pit of the play-house, some young men, who have got fuddled in *punch*, as noisy and as witty as the gentlemen in the boxes, who have been drinking *Burgundy*: and others, who have come sober from the counter, or the writing-desk, give almost as little attention to the play as the men of £.3000 a-year. ——My old school-acquaintance, *Jack Wou'dbe*, t'other morning, had a neckcloth as dirty as a Lord's, and picked his teeth after dinner, for a quarter of an hour, by the assistance of the little *mirror* in the lid of his *toothpick case*. I take the first op-

portunity of giving him a friendly hint, that this practice is elegant only in a man who has made the tour of *Europe*.

Nature and *Fashion* are two opposite powers, that have long been at variance with one another. The first is allowed to preside over the bulk of the people known by the denomination of the *vulgar;* the last is peculiar to the higher orders of the state, and by her honours they have a title to be distinguished. Attention to interesting scenes, civility to those we ought to oblige, and propriety in public behaviour, belong to Nature, and are therefore the property of the people. It is a direct infringement on the rights of *Fashion*, if the inferior members of the community shall laugh where they should cry, be noisy where they should be silent, rude where they should be civil, or dirty where they should be cleanly. These are the badges of greatness, and, like certain *coats armorial*, are only to be borne by illustrious personages.

These are matters in which, I think, I may venture to interpose my advice or animadversion. But, as to some more delicate subjects, I am very doubtful whether they come within the limits of my jurisdiction, or how far it would be prudent in me to exercise it, if they did. I mean this as a general apology for not inserting a variety of letters from unknown Correspondents, giving me information of certain irregularities in the manners and deportment of the fashionable world, which they desire may be taken immediate notice of in the MIRROR. One, who writes under the signature of *Rusticus*, tells me, that *painting* is now become so common a practice among our fine ladies, that he has oftener than once been introduced to a lady in the morning, from whom, till he informed himself of her name, he was surprised to receive a curtsy at the play or the con-

cert. Another, who subscribes himself *Modestus*, desires me to imitate the example of the *Tatler*, by animadverting, not on the large, but the small size of the *petticoat*, which, he says, has so shrunk up this winter, that there is more of the—*ankle* seen than he can find countenance to look at.

To the first of these Correspondents I must answer, that I think the ladies (whose number I am inclined to believe is small), who choose to dress their faces in *rouge* or *carmine*, are exempted from all censure; they certainly do it to please themselves, as they know how much it is detested by the men. Or, perhaps, they are of that icy order of females who have made vows of perpetual celibacy, and thus varnish over their beauty, as *virtuosi* do certain delicate natural productions, which are meant to be looked at, but never to be touched. As to the complaint of *Modestus*, I can only account for the present shortness of the petticoat, from the attention of the ladies being so much engrossed about their *heads*, as to leave them no leisure to take care of the other extremity; as generals, who are anxious to cover one part of their works, are apt to leave an opposite quarter defenceless.

But the most serious complaint I have received, is a letter subscribed *Censor*, arraigning, with true *Juvenalian* severity, the conduct of a certain *Club*, which, in the words of my Correspondent, 'continues, in defiance of decency and good manners, 'to insult the public in *Large Characters*, in the 'front of every newspaper in town. This (he adds) 'moves my indignation the more, when I consider 'that several of its principal members are arrived at 'a period of life which should teach decorum, at 'least, if it does not extinguish vice.'

In answer to this angry Correspondent, I will tell him the following story: Some years ago, I happen-

ed to be in *York* at the time of the *assizes*. Dining one day in a tavern with some gentlemen of that city and its neighbourhood, we were violently disturbed by the noise of somebody below, who hooted and halloo'd, smacked his whip, and made his servants sound their *French* horns; in short, rehearsed, during the whole time of our dinner, all 'the glori-'ous tumult of the chase.' Some of the company, after several ineffectual messages by the waiter, began to be angry, and to think of a very serious remonstrance with the sportsman below. But an elderly person, who sat opposite to me, pacified their resentment: 'I know the gentleman who 'disturbs you,' said he; 'his head-piece was never 'one of the best; but now, poor man! I believe we 'must let him alone—Since he is past running down 'the fox in the field, he must e'en be allowed to hunt 'him in the parlour.'

I

N° 85. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1780.

Possum oblivisci qui fuerim? Non sentire qui sim? Quo caream honore? Quâ gloriâ? Quibus liberis? Quibus fortunis?
CIC. ad ATT.

A PERIODICAL publication, such as the MIRROR, is, from its nature, confined chiefly to prose compositions. My illustrious predecessor, the SPECTATOR, has, however, sometimes inserted a little poem among his other essays; and his example has been imitated by most of his successors. Perhaps it may

be from this cause, that among the variety of communications I have lately received, many of them consist of poetical compositions. I must observe in general to these Correspondents, that, though the insertion of a poem now and then may not be altogether improper for a work of this kind, yet it is not every poetical composition that is fit for it. A poem may be possessed of very considerable merit, and may be entitled to applause, when published in a poetical collection, though, from its subject, its length, or the manner in which it is written, it may not be suited to the MIRROR. I hope my poetical Correspondents, therefore, will receive this as an apology for their poems not being inserted, and will by no means consider their exclusion as proceeding from their being thought destitute of merit.

Among the poetical presents I have received, there is, however, one, which seems very well suited to a work of this kind. The gentleman from whom I received it says, he has been informed that it was founded on the following inscription (probably written from real feeling) on the window of an inn, situated in the *Highlands of Scotland*.

'Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,
'A life of wandering is the greatest woe;
'On all their weary ways wait Care and Pain,
'And Pine and Penury, a meagre train,
'A wretched *Exile* to his country send,
'Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend.'

This poem contains a description of the situation of a *Scotch* gentleman who had been obliged to leave his country for rebellion against our present happy government. It points out the fatal consequences of such treasonable attempts, and represents the distress of the person described, in a very interesting and pathetic manner.

The EXILE. An Elegy.

Where, 'midst the ruins of a fallen state,
The once-fam'd *Tiber* rolls his scanty wave,
Where half a column now derides the great,
Where half a statue yet records the brave:

With trembling steps an *Exile* wander'd near,
In *Scottish* weeds his shrivell'd limbs array'd;
His furrow'd cheek was cross'd with many a tear,
And frequent sighs his wounded soul betray'd.

Oh! wretch! he cry'd, that like some troubled ghost
Art doom'd to wander round this world of woe,
While memory speaks of joy for ever lost,
Of peace! of comfort! thou hast ceas'd to know!

These are the scenes, with fancy'd charms endow'd,
Where happier Britons, casting pearls away,
The fools of sound, of empty trifles proud,
Far from the land of bliss and freedom stray.

Wou'd that, for yonder dome, these eyes could see
The wither'd oak that crowns my native hill!
These urns let ruin waste; but give to me
The tuft that trembles o'er its lonely rill.

O sacred haunts! and is the hillock green
That saw our infant-sports beguile the day?
Still are our seats of fairy fashion seen?
Or is my little throne of moss away?

Had but Ambition, in this tortur'd breast,
Ne'er sought to rule beyond the humble plain,
Where mild Dependence holds the vassal blest,
Where faith and friendship fix the chieftain's reign;

Thus had I liv'd the life my fathers led;
Their name, their family had not ceas'd to be;
And thou, *Monimia!* on thy earthly bed!—
My name, my family, what were these to thee!—

Three little moons had seen our growing love,
Since first *Monimia* join'd her hand to mine;
Three little moons had seen us blest above
All that enthusiast hope could e'er divine.

Urg'd by the brave, by fancy'd glory warm'd,
In treason honest, if 'twas treason here;
For rights suppos'd, my native land I arm'd,
And join'd the standard *Charles* had dar'd to rear.

Fated we fought, my gallant vassals fell,
But sav'd their master in the bloody strife;
Their coward master, who cou'd live to tell
He saw them fall, yet tamely suffer'd life.

Let me not think;—but, ah! the thought will rise,
Still in my whirling brain its horrors dwell,
When pale and trembling, with uplifted eyes,
Monimia faintly breath'd—a last farewel!

'They come,' she said; 'fly, fly these ruthless foes,
'And save a life, in which *Monimia* lives;
'Believe me, *Henry*, light are all her woes,
'Except what *Henry*'s dreaded purpose gives!

'And would'st thou die, and leave me thus forlorn,
'And (last a life the most inhuman spare?
'Oh! live in pity to the babe unborn
'That stirs within me to assist my prayer!'

What could I do? Contending passions strove,
And press'd my bosom with alternate weight,
Unyielding honour, soft persuasive love——
I fled and left her—left her to her fate!

Fast came the ruffian band; no melting charm,
That e'er to suffering beauty Nature gave,

The ruthless rage of party can disarm;
Thy tears, *Monimia*, wanted power to save!

She, and the remnant of her weeping train,
Whose faithful love still link'd them to her side,
Torn from their dwelling, trode the desert plain,
No hut to shelter, and no hand to guide.

Thick drove its snow before the wintry wind,
And midnight darkness wrapp'd the heath they past,
Save one sad gleam, that, blazing far behind,
The ancient mansion of my fathers cast.

Calmly she saw the smouldering ruins glare;
'Tis past, all-righteous God! 'tis past!' she cry'd;
'Put for my *Henry* hear my latest pray'r!'—
Big was her bursting heart;—she groan'd and died!——

Still, in my dreams, I see her form confess'd,
Sailing, in robes of light, the troubled sky!—
And soon, she whispers, shall my *Henry* rest—
And, dimly smiling, points my place to die!

I hear that voice, I see that pale hand wave;
I come once more to view my native shore;
Stretch'd on *Monimia*'s long-neglected grave
To clasp the sod, and feel my woes no more!

N° 86. SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

MANY inestimable medicines, as well for preserving health as for curing diseases, are overlooked by our modern practitioners. An attempt to revive some of those obsolete remedies, though it may appear better suited to a *medical* performance, yet does not seem altogether foreign to the MIRROR; since a *sound mind*, according to the well-known apopthegm, is in natural alliance with a *sound body*, the same publication which is calculated for the improvement of the one, may not improperly be made subservient to the health of the other.

I. The first that I shall mention is of sovereign efficacy in restoring debilitated stomachs to their proper tone. It renders the body vigorous, and it prolongs the days of man even unto extreme old age. Of it *Tulpius*, an eminent physician of *Amsterdam*, treats in his *Observationes Medicinales*.

In some languages it is called *Cha*, in others, *Tzai*; but with us it has received the appellation of *Tea*.

II. There is another simple of a singular kind: according to the great traveller *Pietro della Valle*, it is cooling in summer, and warm in winter, without, however, changing its qualities.

It expelled a gout, of thirty years standing, from the toes of the Reverend *Alexander d' Albertus*, a bare-footed friar of *Marseilles*, aged seventy.

For a long time *Madame de Lausun* could not walk without the aid of a crutch; and no wonder; for the good lady 'had numbered the frosts of four-'score and two winters.' She was seized with what my author calls a *tertian-quartan* ague, which undoubtedly is a very bad thing, though I do not find it in my dictionary: but she tried father *Alexander*'s remedy; her youth was renewed, as one might say [*comme rajeunie*], and she threw away her crutch.

The wife of M. *Morin*, physician at *Grenoble*, was reduced to the last extremity by a confirmed *Phthysic*, of no less than sixteen years endurance: at length the Doctor found out a method of laying the disease that had so obstinately haunted his bed. By way of experiment he administered the remedy to his *chère moitie* (dear half), which is *French* for a wife. She recovered of her Phthysic, and afterwards, by using the same remedy, of another disease with a horrible *Greek* name, a *Peripneumony*.

I might add many and various effects of this medicine still more wonderful. *That* of the public speaker, who was seized with a fit of modesty, is most remarkable. By taking a single dose, he felt himself restored to his wonted composure of mind; and he declared that he could, with ease, have spoken out another hour.

For this and other authenticated cures, the inquisitive reader is referred to the treatise of *Philip Sylvester du Tour*, concerning the virtues of *Coffee*.

III. There is a certain weed, 'which, taken a 'while after meat, helps digestion; it voids rheum, '&c. A little of it, being steeped over night in a 'little white wine, is a vomit that never fails in its 'operation. It cannot endure a spider, or a flea, or 'such like vermin: it is good to fortify and preserve 'the sight, being let in round about the balls of the 'eyes once a-week, and frees them from all rheums,

'driving them back by way of repercussion: taken 'into the stomach, it will heal and cleanse it; for, my 'Lord Sunderland, president of York, taking it 'downwards into his stomach, it cured him of an 'imposthume, which had been of a long time en-'gendering out of a bruise he had received at foot-'ball; and so preserved his life for many years.'

These are the words of *Howel*, in his letters, where he enlarges on the praise of *Tobacco*.

IV. But there is still another medicine of astonishing virtues which have been circumstantially related by *Matthiolus*, an Italian physician of the sixteenth century: it is 'a liquid which, when skil-'fully prepared, proves a powerful antiseptic [an opposer of corruption] to every thing steeped in it; and so, by removing all tendency to corruption, 'it is a comforter and a restorative, and preserves 'and prolongs the lives of those who use it. It not 'only cherishes the natural heat, and preserves it 'in its full vigour, but it likewise renovates as it 'were, and vivifies the animal spirits, gives an agree-'able warmth to the stomach, sharpens the appre-'hension and understanding, clears the eye-sight, 'and repairs the memory: it is more peculiarly be-'neficial to those who are of too cold a tempera-'ment, and who are subject to crudities of the 'stomach, and other disorders proceeding from 'cold affections. It therefore affords a sovereign 'relief to all who are tormented with pains in the 'stomach or bowels, proceeding from wind or 'indigestion; as also to those who are subject to 'giddiness, the falling sickness, a relaxation of the 'nervous system, inveterate melancholy, hypochon-'driacal disorders, palpitations of the heart, tremors, 'and fainting fits.'

Matthiolus subjoins the method of using this medicine:

℞. *Once a day a table-spoonful of* Aquavitæ *distilled from the best wine.* But, with all deference to his authority, *Aquavitæ*, distilled even from the best wine, is not superior in any of its virtues to our great staple, *Whisky:* for, from the researches of our own patriotic philosophers, these two conclusions may be deduced; 1*st*, That *Whisky*, is a liquor pleasant to the taste; and, 2*dly*, That it is a *wholesome spirit.*

V. I shall conclude with a receipt which might have been considered as of general importance in the seventeenth century, and may prove of no less importance in the nineteenth.

Bartholomeus Carrichters, in his *Secret*, b. 2. c. 12. published a *recipe* which is mightily commended by *Hector Schlands*, in an epistle to his learned friend *Gregorius Horstius;* see *Horstii* Epist. Medic. i. §. 7. 16. 2. ' ℞. Dog's grease, well dissolved and cleans-' ed, 4 ounces. Bear's grease, 8 ounces. Capon's ' grease 24 ounces. Three trunks of the misletoe ' of hazle, while green; cut it in pieces, and pound ' it small, till it becomes moist: bruise it together, ' and mix all in a phial. After you have ex-' posed it to the sun for *nine* weeks, you shall ex-' tract a green ointment, wherewith if you anoint the ' bodies of the *bewitched*, especially *the parts most* ' *affected*, and the joints, they will certainly be ' cured.'

This *recipe* was tried with amazing success in the case of a young girl, whose condition was truly deplorable; for ' she vomited feathers, bundles of ' straw, and *a row of pins stuck in blue paper, as fresh* ' *and new as any in the pedlar's stall*, pieces of glass ' windows, and nails of a cart-wheel; as may be ' seen in *The Wonderful and true Relation of the be-witching a young Girl in Ireland*, 1669,' by Daniel Higgs.

It is with the utmost diffidence that I give my own sentiments in the *Materia Medica*, especially on a subject which has been expressly treated by such men as Dr. Bartholomeus Carrichters, and Dr. Hector Schlands. May I then be permitted humbly to propose this *query*, Is there not some reason to conjecture, that the *recipe*, so effectual in the case of *bewitching*, would answer equally well in the case of *childblains ?*

I am, &c.

ANTIQUARIUS.

N° 87. TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 1780.

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark ; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other.

BACON.

THERE is in the mind of man a fund of superstition, which, in all nations, in all ages, and in all religions, has been attended with effects powerful and extraordinary. In this respect, no one people seem entitled to boast of any superiority over the rest of mankind. All seem, at one time or other, to have been alike the slaves of a weak, a childish, or a gloomy superstition. When we behold the Romans, wise and great as they were, regulating their conduct, in their most important affairs, by the accidental flight of birds ; or,

when threatened by some national calamity, creating a dictator for the sole purpose of driving a nail into a door, in order to avert the impending judgment of Heaven; we are apt, according to the humour we are in, to smile at the folly, or to lament the weakness, of human nature.

A little reflection, however, is sufficient to shew, that, with all our advantages, we ourselves are, in this particular, equally weak and absurd. The modern citizen of Rome, who thinks he can appease an offended Deity, by creeping on his knees up the steps of St. *Peter*'s so many times a day; or the pious Neapolitan, who imagines that carrying forth the relics of St. *Januarius*, is sufficient to stop an eruption of mount Vesuvius; are equal objects of pity with the good Roman, who devoutly assisted at driving the nail into the temple of *Jupiter Capitolinus*.

It is amusing to observe the conduct of our first reformers in this particular. Their penetration led them to discover the gross errors and manifold superstitions of the church of Rome, and their spirit and strength of mind, aided by fortunate circumstances, enabled them to set themselves free from those shackles in which Europe had been held for so many ages. But no sooner had they done so, than they and their followers adopted another mode of superstition, in the place of that which it had cost them so much pains to pull down. To *masses* and *crucifixes*, and *images*, were substituted a *precise severity of manner*, and *long sermons*, and a certain mode of *sanctifying the Sabbath*, which were inculcated as constituting the *sum* of virtue, and as comprehending the whole duty of a Christian. So ingenious are men in finding out something to put in the place of true piety and virtue!—Neither is this confined to one re-

ligion or to one sect. To the same cause will be attributed the broad brim and plain coat of the *Quaker*, the ablutions of the *Gentoo*, the pilgrimages of the *Mahometan*, the severe fasts observed in the *Greek church*, with numberless other instances that might be mentioned.

There is a species of superstition, which, perhaps might be traced back to a similar origin, that often lays strong hold of the imagination, and fills the mind with terrors and apprehensions, which reason and philosophy have not power to eradicate, when once they have fairly got hold of us. Of this sort is the dread of apparitions, of spirits, and of witches. Mr. Addison, in an excellent paper in the *Spectator*, has shewn the folly of those apprehensions, and has cautioned parents to be particularly careful to preserve their children from those little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they grow up. He justly observes, that next to a clear judgment and a good conscience, a sound imagination is the greatest blessing of life. Perhaps it might be going too far to attribute to this essay of Mr. Addison the reformation so strongly recommended by him. It is however, certain, that all these apprehensions, formerly productive of so much real uneasiness, are now, in a great measure, unknown. We have so far succeeded in *plucking the old women out of our hearts*; and we no longer see a brave soldier afraid to walk through a dark passage, or an intrepid sailor shrink with horror at the thought of passing the night in a solitary apartment.

There is however, another weakness, somewhat a-kin to this, that, I am afraid, still prevails among us, which my fondness for children, and the pleasure

I find in prattling with them, give me frequent opportunities of observing. I mean, a custom of terrifying children, and filling their young minds with gloomy apprehensions of death. This is one of the most common methods employed by ignorant nursery-maids, and foolish parents, to frighten infants into obedience. But nothing can be more absurd, or attended with more pernicious consequences. Were a person of a timid frame of mind under a necessity of crossing the ocean, would it be the part of a friend to magnify the danger, and to amuse him, all the way to the port where he was to embark, with accounts of storms and tempests, and with a fearful picture of the many and various hazards to which he must be exposed on the voyage?

A wise parent, attentive to the future happiness of his children, ought to follow a very different rule of conduct. From their earliest infancy, he ought to make the idea of death familiar to them; he ought to accustom them to look upon it, not only without fear, but with the same indifference as on any other unavoidable occurrence to which they are daily exposed. By this means they will, as they advance in life, be led to consider it as a friend rather than an enemy: they will perceive that, but for death, this world would be a prison more dreadful than any the most cruel tyrant ever invented; they will look forward to it as the only period to the cares of this life,—as a happy passage to that better world, where only they can expect a complete reward for a faithful discharge of their duty in this.

However absurd a dread of witches and apparitions may be, the consequences attending it are not so bad as those that flow from the fear of death. The one, it is true, fills the mind with many dis-

agreeable apprehensions, and causes many uneasy moments; but the other unfits a man for discharging his duty in society, and too often exposes him to infamy and disgrace. Courage is a quality that depends, in some measure, on the constitution of the body; and it has been observed, that the same individual is not, at all times, and upon all occasions, equally brave. I cannot help being of opinion, however, that if a boy, from his earliest infancy, were taught to view death in a just light; he would imperceptibly acquire a strength of mind that would enable him to face danger, and to do his duty, on all occasions, without being obliged to summon up his resolution, and to call reason to his aid, upon every trying emergence.

I have heard it said, that, if men were accustomed to despise death, they would be apt, through a sort of fool-hardiness, to throw away their lives on every slight occasion or idle quarrel. But, for my own part, I entertain a very different opinion; that fool-hardiness is seldom to be met with in a man of a calm, firm, determined mind, who knows how to estimate the true value of life. In general, it proceeds from a secret consciousness, that leads a man to put too high a value on the quality of courage, and to indulge his vanity by a display of it; as we often see men most desirous to be thought to possess those virtues and those talents, to which, in reality, they have the least pretensions.

I was much pleased with a conversation I had on this subject, on a visit I lately paid to Lady ———, the wife of my much valued friend General ———, who is now abroad fighting the battles of his country. I found her in her dressing-room, surrounded by a group of the most lovely children. After they retired, she began to complain, that,

with all the attention a parent could bestow, it was often impossible to prevent children from receiving bad and improper impressions from servants and attendants. 'It was but just now,' said she, 'your 'favourite, little Charles, told his brother, that if 'he was a bad boy, he would be put into a black 'box, carried to the church-yard, thrown into a 'hole, and covered over with earth.' After some observations on the bad tendency of representing death in frightful colours, she said, she had often been disposed to think the poets to blame in this particular, who, by dwelling on all the circumstances attending our dissolution, and presenting them to the imagination in strong and lively colours, often leave an impression which reason is not able entirely to wear off. She instanced the well-known lines of Shakspeare:

'Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
'To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
'This sensible warm motion to become
'A kneaded clod; and the dilated spirit
'To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
'In thrilling regions of thick-ribb'd ice;
'To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
'And blown with restless violence round about
'The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
'Of those that lawless and uncertain thought
'Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible!
'The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
'That age, ache, penury, imprisonment
'Can lay on nature, is a paradise
'To what we fear of death'.

'It is impossible,' said she, 'to read those lines 'without being affected by them. Yet, were I to 'judge from my own feelings, I should think the 'sentiment unjust. If to me,' continued she, stealing a glance at the picture of my friend, while an

involuntary tear half started in her eye, 'if to me 'there be any thing terrible in death, it proceeds 'from the thoughts of what I should leave, not 'from the dread of what I should meet with.'

M

No 88. SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1780.

To the Author of the Mirror.

SIR,

My father was a farmer in a tolerably reputable situation. I was his eldest son; and, at the age of six years, I was sent to the parish-school, to be taught reading and writing. My father naturally made inquiries concerning my progress, and the schoolmaster gave him the most flattering accounts. After I had spent the usual time in learning to read and write, my master said it would be a pity to cut short a boy of my genius, and advised my father to allow me to remain a year or two longer at his school, that I might get a little Latin. This flattered my father's vanity, as it put his son in a situation to appear somewhat above that of the children of the neighbouring farmers. I was allowed to sit on the same bench at school with our landlord's son, and I had sometimes the honour to be whipped for his faults. In studying *Latin* I spent three years. The account which my father received of my progress in that language, led him to follow my teacher's suggestion, to give me a little

Greek. Having gone thus far, the transition was easy; it would be a pity, said our sanguine advisers, to lose all the knowledge I had got; with my application and my genius, if I prosecuted my studies, I might become a very learned, and a very great man. If I studied divinity (which was proposed), I might, in time, preach in the pulpit of the very parish in which my father lived; nay, I might rise to be a Professor in the University, or become *Moderator* of the *General Assembly* of the church of Scotland.

I was accordingly entered a student in the University. My father considered my fortune as now made; and my expectations were not inferior to his. But I soon found my situation at the university a very hard and uneasy one. My father had been able to supply me tolerably with necessaries at the parish-school; but to do this at the university, situated in a great and expensive town, was above his power. I was obliged to walk about, therefore, with a shabby coat, and with an empty purse. I could not attend all the lectures I wished, for want of money to purchase admission, or to procure the necessary books. I now likewise found, that, far from being more knowing than my college companions, as my country schoolmaster flattered me would be the case, most of them knew more than I did; they had been better taught, and had profited accordingly. Poverty, want of books, of friends, and of the other conveniencies of life, were not circumstances very well suited for the study of the beauties of *Homer* and *Virgil*, nor for making a progress in the abstract sciences; but with all these difficulties, I gave such close and intense application, that I was able to pick up a good deal of learning, and my diligence drew the attention of some of the professors. By their interest I was recommended

to Mr. *M*———, a gentleman of considerable fortune, who resided in the town where the university is situated, to be tutor to his children; and accordingly he was pleased to engage me at the salary of £. 20 a-year, with the additional advantage of living in his house. I now thought the world was all before me; and every thing seemed to flatter me with present happiness and future exaltation. Out of my salary I hoped to afford to be better dressed, to buy more books, and to attend more lectures. I expected, from the knowledge I had acquired, to be able to make a figure in the company which resorted to Mr. M.'s. I doubted not that they would single me out as a prodigy of learning and genius; that, by their favour, I might be recommended to some lucrative or honourable place; or, at least, that I should, by Mr. M.'s interest, be settled as a minister in some church, after having pleasantly spent a year or two in his family in attending to my pupils, from whose progress and improvement I expected equal pleasure and reputation. How these hopes have been answered, I proceed to inform you.

When I entered into Mr. M.'s family, I found it was expected that I should not only attend to the studies of the eldest son, a lad of about fourteen, but that I was likewise to take care of all the younger children, consisting of no fewer than six. Some of these were to be taught to read; others, who were too young for that, I was to look after, and walk out with them when they went abroad, to keep them out of harm's way, to prevent them from falling into a ditch, or being run down by a carriage. This I saw must occupy my whole time; and every thought of reading for my own improvement was to be laid aside. But though in this manner, a temporary stop was to be put to my learning, I still flattered

myself I should make it up by the improvement and knowledge of the world I should acquire from the society and conversation at Mr. M.'s. But this expectation was as vain as the former. When there were strangers of distinction at the house, I was not allowed to sit at table, but was placed in a corner of the room with the younger children, where my province was to attend to what they eat, and to cut their meat for them. When the family were alone, or the guests were such as Mr. M. did not think necessary to treat with much ceremony, I was permitted to sit at table; but I soon found even when this was the case, that I was not permitted to talk there. Seldom, indeed, was there any conversation which was worth joining in; but when any occurred in which I ventured to join, what I said was received in such a manner, that I was obliged to resolve to be silent. If I threw in an observation which started a doubt of the justice of any thing that was said, I was considered as an impertinent conceited fellow, who had no right to express his doubts; if I endeavoured to support any opinion, I saw I was deemed officious and troublesome. Mr. M. who, to the credit the world justly gave him for a great fortune, wished also to add the reputation, though without any pretensions, of learning, was afraid, when I opened my mouth, lest people should think that his son's tutor was more knowing than he; and, therefore, took care always to contradict me flatly, and with an air of superiority; and, sometimes, even made a joke on that awkwardness of manner, which it was impossible one in my situation could have escaped. You may judge what effect this treatment must have upon one who can relish the beauties of the classics, and has read many of the most eminent *French* and

English authors. Poor, helpless, and dependant as I am, something within tells me that I am superior—but I have no title to be proud.

For some time, the only pleasant moments which I had in Mr. M.'s family, were those employed in reading with my eldest pupil. But this continued a very short time. The young gentleman soon began to despise one, whom he saw his father and his father's friends treat with so much disrespect; and instead of following my directions, took care to do the very reverse of whatever I desired him. I perceived also he made me the subject of jest with his companions. In vain did I endeavour to represent this in the gentlest manner to Mr. M. I was the worse used for my complaints; he ascribed his son's little progress to my remissness; not to any fault in the boy, who, I soon found, had much more influence with his father, in regard to his education, than I had.

Such, Mr. MIRROR, is my situation with the upper members of the family. With those of an inferior rank, it is not a whit more agreeable John, the footman, receives a salary nearly equal to mine, and he wears a better coat. He, therefore, looks upon himself as a finer gentleman than me; and, as I am but little respected by those whom he considers as his betters, he does not think himself bound to respect me at all. At dinner, he seldom hears when I call; and, when he does, I often get fish-sauce to my pudding, and pepper instead of sugar to my pan-cakes. Nor is John to be blamed for this; for he sees his master give me port or punch, while he and his guests drink claret. For some time, indeed, after I came to reside in the family, I received much complaisance from Mrs. *Deborah Hitchcock*, the housekeeper. Mrs. Deborah is now considerably past her fortieth year; in her person thick and squabby, with a

mouth a little awry, and eyes a little asquint. Mrs. Deborah frequently sends her compliments, and asks me to drink tea with her, or invites me to evening entertainments with her gossiping companions. She is sometimes also so kind as to visit me in my own apartment,—says, she wonders I do not tire when alone; that she and I, from our situation in the family, should be companions to each other; and she has several times hinted, that by her long residence in Mr. M.'s, she has acquired a sum which might be of use to a young man like me.

Thus, Sir, I have given you a view of my situation in Mr. M.'s family for more than two years past that I have resided in it. My pupil is doing no good under my care. I am not respected in the family; the servants insult me; and my farther progress in learning is stopped. I have often resolved to give up my place; but what will become of me if I do? Others will not enter into my motives; they will attribute my conduct to folly or ill temper; and I shall be thrown upon the wide world without a friend, without money, and with a mind ill calculated to struggle with poverty and misfortunes It has occurred to me, that if you print this letter, and Mr. M. chance to see it, it may produce some change in my situation; or, if it has no other effect, it may at least serve as a justification of my conduct in leaving his family.

I am, &c.

K. B.

The case of Mr. K. B. may perhaps be exaggerated; but I suspect his situation is not altogether uncommon. Indeed I have been often surprised to see men of excellent sense in every other par-

ticular, and fond of their children, so inattentive to those who have the care of them. It should not, methinks, require much reflection to convince them, that there is a good deal of respect due to those on whom so important a trust as the education of their children is devolved; it should require but little observation to satisfy them, that, unless the parents regard the tutor, it is impossible the children can; that, unless the instructor be honoured, his precepts will be contemned. Even independent of these considerations, something is due to a young man of education and of learning, who, though his situation may make it necessary for him to receive a salary for his labours, may, from that learning which he has received, and that taste which it has given him, have a mind as independent as the wealthiest, and as delicate as the highest born.

But, while I venture to suggest those hints to such gentlemen as may be in a situation to afford tutors for their children, I would recommend the perusal of Mr. B.'s letter to persons in that condition from which he has sprung. I have of late remarked with regret, in this country, a disposition in many, who, from their station and circumstances, ought to have been bred farmers or manufacturers, to become scholars and men of learned professions. Let such persons and their parents be assured, that though there may be a few singular instances to the contrary, there is no pursuit which requires a competency, in point of fortune, more than that of a man of learning. A young man who has not enough to make him easy, and to bear the expence requisite for carrying on his education, can hardly be expected to rise to any eminence. The meanness of his situation will humble and depress him, and render him unfit for any thing elegant or great; or, if this should not be the case, there is much

danger of his becoming a prey to anxiety and chagrin, and perhaps passing a neglected and a miserable life. K. B. seems to have suffered much; he may still have much to suffer; had he followed his father's profession, he might have been both happy and useful.

A

N° 89. TUESDAY, MARCH 14, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I WAS lately one of a pretty numerous company of both sexes, when a lady then going to be married was the subject of conversation, and was mentioned by a gentleman present, as a very *accomplished woman*, to which the company in general assented. One lady remarked, she had often heard that phrase made use of, without being able precisely to understand what was meant by it; that she doubted not it was bestowed with propriety on Miss ———; but, as she was not of her acquaintance, she wished to know, whether, when one was said to be an accomplished woman, we were to understand such accomplishments as music, dancing, French, &c. which a boarding school affords; or those higher attainments which the mind is supposed to acquire by reading and reflection? 'Reading and reflection!' repeated, with an ironical sneer, a very fine gentleman, who sat opposite to her; 'I wonder 'how any one can fill girls' heads with such ridicu-

'lous nonsense. I am sure I never saw a woman's 'learning have any other effect than to make her 'conceited of herself, and a plague to her neigh-'bours. Were I to enter the *shackles*, I have too 'much regard to my own ease to choose a lady of '*reflection*; and had I any daughters, I should pro-'bably have plague enough with them, without 'their being *readers*.' Another lady, without taking the smallest notice of what the gentleman had said, observed, that she did not wonder young ladies were discouraged from taking much pains in improving their minds, as whatever a girl's understanding or mental accomplishments might be, they were universally neglected, at least by the gentlemen; and the company of any fool, provided she was handsome, preferred to theirs.—But, as this lady was rather homely, I durst not rely on her opinion.—An elderly gentleman then said, he did not see that reading could do a woman any harm, provided they confined themselves to books fit for them, and did not meddle with subjects they could not understand—such as religion and politics. As to the first, he said, that if a woman went regularly to church, said her prayers, read her Bible, and did as she was bid, he thought it all that was necessary; and as for politics, it was a subject far beyond the reach of any female capacity. This gentleman had a little before given a very circumstantial (and I am sure I thought a very tiresome) account of the method of making votes for the next general election, to which the company seemed to pay very little attention; and if that was what he meant by *politics*, he was certainly in the right; for I acknowledge I did not understand one word of it; nor did any of the ladies present, as I afterwards found, comprehend it more than myself.

A young gentleman, who, from his correct manner of speaking, I suppose practised the law, and who had hitherto listened with great attention, then took upon him to be our sex's advocate, and was proceeding to shew (in a very sensible manner, as I thought) the little danger that was to be feared, and the great advantage that might be reaped, from a young lady's appropriating a considerable part of her time to reading, provided her studies were properly directed; when the arrival of some ceremonious visitors put an end to the conversation; and the company sat down to cards. When I came home, I could not help reflecting, with a good deal of uneasiness, on what I had heard. For if there is really no such thing as mental accomplishments rendering a young lady more amiable, or if reading is to be of no real service to us, I have certainly employed a great part of my past life to very little purpose. I was brought up in the country, where reading was not only my greatest amusement, but I was always told, that by that, and making proper reflections on what I read, I should become contented with myself, and be beloved and respected by all who knew me; and by these improvements alone could hope to equal my sister, who is a great deal handsomer than I, but who could seldom be persuaded to open a book.

But the conversation above mentioned, which happened very soon after I came to town, has raised many doubts in my mind as to the real importance of my former studies. I have mentioned my uneasiness to several of my female companions, who are all (especially such as are not handsome) very much interested in it, and would be very happy to see a Mirror on this subject, though they were much surprised at my courage in proposing to write to you; which, indeed, I never could have done, had

I been able to find any other way to communicate my distress.

If you think this letter worthy your attention, I intreat you to give us, as soon as possible, your opinion as to what sort of accomplishments a young lady ought to be most anxious to acquire, and whether there is not some real advantage to be derived from reading; for I would fain think the young gentleman was in the right; though I am sorry I have never seen him since, to hear what he had farther to say on the subject.

But if, on the contrary, you convince me, that I either cannot, or need not, aim at any mental accomplishments, I shall lay by my book, and proceed to finish some ornamental pieces of work, which have hitherto advanced very slowly, as I was always more solicitous to improve my mind, than to adorn my person.

I am, SIR,

Your constant reader and admirer,

EMILIA.

It were hard, indeed, if the word *accomplishment*, when applied to a woman, excluded the idea of such mental embellishments as *Emilia* seems particularly to have studied. In the Author of the MIRROR, she has chosen a partial umpire; for he will fairly own, that he addresses many of his papers chiefly to the ladies, and feels a high degree of pleasure when he is told that any one of them has been lucky enough to interest or to please the fair part of his Readers. Such a paper he sets down as one *à bonnes fortunes*, and grows vain upon it accordingly.

It must, however, be confessed, on the other hand, that the lesser order of *accomplishments* mentioned by *Emilia*, are very necessary attendants on that higher sort, which *reading* and *reflection* confer. They are necessary even to the men; for without them learning grows pedantry, and wit becomes rudeness. But, in *women*, a certain softness of address and grace of manner are so indispensable, that no talents or acquirements can possibly please without them. To give that softness, to confer that grace, reading and reflection will not suffice alone; to impart them in the highest degree, no other accomplishments will suffice, without reading and reflection. Emilia's harpsichord will settle the matter. Let us take *treble* for the first sort of accomplishments, and *bass* for the latter; strike with the right hand—'tis music, but without strength; with the left—'tis harsh, and wants softness; touch it with both hands, and the instrument is quite as it should be.

It is not from the possession of knowledge, but from the display of it, that a woman ceases to be feminine. To lecture with authority, to argue with violence, to dispute with obstinacy, are qualifications purely masculine. It were too much to say that to be in the right, is a male quality; but to feel one's self in the right, or rather to shew that feeling, is not delicately female. The musical department will furnish us with another illustration. *Emilia* has heard of that sort of singing below the full powers of the performer's voice, which the Italians call singing *sotto-voce*; now, let a woman's understanding be ever so strong, let her mind be ever so accomplished, it should always be delivered *sotto-voce*.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM just going to commence business as a *Milliner*, and am resolved to bestow more than common pains in furnishing out as elegant a shop-list as possible; being of opinion, that much of the employment a shopkeeper gets, is owing to the attraction of a happy-fancied sign, advertisement, or shop-bill. In executing this intention, I have met with several difficulties: and therefore am induced to trouble you for a solution of them. A friend of mine, whom I consulted (because, as he was often reading, I imagined him to be a wise and learned man), advised me to look into a book called *Johnson's Dictionary*, which he said would spell, explain, and describe to me, any thing I was at a loss about. Accordingly, after some difficulty, I procured a sight of this book from a relation, who was acquainted with a bookseller. But as this same Johnson explains his words in a foreign language, I am as much at a loss as ever; because I am totally ignorant what language it is, and, therefore, cannot judge, whether what he says be such a description of my commodities as will bring me customers. Upon my looking, for instance, at his explanation of *net-work*, I find it to be, 'any thing 'reticulated or decus-ated with interstices betwixt the intersections.' Now, Mr. MIRROR, I beg the favour of you to tell me what language this is. You certainly can easily do it, when you have obtained such a character in town for wisdom and learning. If it should be French, be so good as translate it to me; and if it proves to be such a description as I think suits the net-work I have on hand, I shall most gladly insert it in my bill. But if it should turn out to be Latin, Greek, Hebrew, or Dutch,

or any other Heathen language, I would not meddle with it for all the world; for no person then would come near my shop. I am advised by all my friends to put as much French into my bills and advertisements as possible; and, indeed, I believe the advice is good; for I have a relation, a *Perruquier*, as he calls himself, who has told me, that he believed he owed almost all his business (and a great deal he had) to an advertisement in the newspapers interlarded with French words. It began thus, for I copied it letter for letter: '*Perruques au dernier* '*gout* made to fit the head, *avec une air bien degagé*, 'to be had,' &c. This wigmaker informed me, that there was scarcely a young beau in town who wore a wig, that could resist his advertisement.

I should beg pardon for the freedom I am using, in thus taking up your time about a matter which must appear so trifling to you; but if you are a benevolent man (and such I have heard you are), it will readily occur to you, that, though my request appears of a trivial nature, yet it treats of an affair of very great consequence to me. This consideration has emboldened me to apply to you; and, if you take the trouble to give me your assistance on this occasion, I promise you to take in your MIRROR to my shop for the amusement of my customers; though, upon second thoughts, I am doubtful whether it may not rather hurt my business. A mirror is as necessary to a milliner's shop, as the goods that are in it; but then it must be a mirror for the body. Now yours is one for the mind; and my best customers, in all probability, will consist of a set of ladies who seldom or never look into their minds at all; for those ladies, Mr. MIRROR, who decorate their persons in the highest extravagance of the fashion, and who, of consequence, are the best customers to the milliners, are generally

such, I am told, as have their minds worst dressed and least ornamented. Besides, the ladies generally find something in the bodily mirror which pleases them; but your mental looking-glass is one of such just reflection, that, if my ladies should view themselves in it, I am afraid they would be so dissatisfied and displeased with seeing their minds so unadorned as they really are, that they would go away in very bad humour, and without laying out a sixpence in ornaments for their persons.

I must, therefore, before I venture upon this step, consider farther of it, and have the opinion of my friends on the matter. I have a good mind, Sir, to consult yourself upon it. I think so highly of you, that I scruple not to abide by your determination. Be so good, therefore, as to tell me in your answer, whether you think I ought to venture to take in your MIRROR to lie on my counter.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble servant,

LETITIA LAPPET.

N° 90. SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1780.

Verum etiam amicum qui intuetur tanquam exemplar aliquod intuetur tui. Quocirca et absentes adsunt, et egentes abundant, et imbecilles valent, et, quod difficilius dictu est, mortui vivunt; tantus eos honos, memoria, desiderium prosequitur amicorum. Ex quo illorum beata mors videtur, horum vita laudabilis.

CICERO.

'LIFE,' says Sir *William Temple*, 'is like wine; 'who would drink it pure, must not draw it to the 'dregs.' Such, I confess, has ever been my opinion, although, in reckoning up the good things of this world, long life is commonly estimated as one of its chief blessings.

I am ready to allow, that an old man, looking back on a well-spent life, in which he finds nothing to regret, and nothing to be ashamed of, and waiting with dignity for that event which is to put a period to his existence, is one of the most venerable and respectable of all objects. The idea that he is soon to quit the busy scenes of life throws a tenderness around him, similar to that we feel in bidding adieu to a friend who is to leave us for a long time.

There is, however, something wonderfully unpleasant in the decay of the powers of mind and body, the necessary consequence of extreme old age. To those around them, particularly to those with whom they are more nearly connected, the imbecility which almost always attends persons in a very advanced period of life, affords one of the most affecting spectacles that can well be conceived. It is a situation truly interesting; and, while it teaches us

to make every allowance for the weakness of age, it disposes us, by every attention, by every mark of observance, to smooth the steps of the aged, and to remove, as much as possible, those clouds that hang on the evening of life.

It must, at the same time, be admitted, that there are men who live to a very great age, in the full possession of their faculties, and, what is still more, with all the affections of the mind alive and unabated. Yet, even where this is the case, I cannot, for my part, consider long life as an object much to be desired.

There is one circumstance, which with me is alone sufficient to decide the question. If there be any thing that can compensate the unavoidable evils with which this life is attended, and the numberless calamities to which mankind are subject, it is the pleasure arising from the society of those we love and esteem. Friendship is the cordial of life. But every one who arrives at extreme old age, must make his account with surviving the greater part, perhaps the whole, of his friends. He must see them fall from him by degrees, while he is left alone, single and unsupported, like a leafless trunk, exposed to every storm and shrinking from every blast.

I have been led to these reflections by a loss I lately sustained in the sudden and unlooked-for death of a friend, to whom, from my earliest youth, I had been attached by every tie of the most tender affection. Such was the confidence that subsisted between us, that, in his bosom, I was wont to repose every thought of my mind, and every weakness of my heart. In framing him, nature seemed to have thrown together a variety of opposite qualities, which happily tempering each other, formed one of the most engaging characters I have ever known. An elevation of mind, a manly firmness, a *Castilian*

sense of honour, accompanied with a bewitching sweetness, proceeding from the most delicate attention to the situation and the feelings of others. In his manners simple and unassuming; in the company of strangers modest to a degree of bashfulness; yet possessing a fund of knowledge, and an extent of ability, which might have adorned the most exalted station. But it was in the social circle of his friends that he appeared to the highest advantage; there the native benignity of his soul diffused, as it were, a kindly influence on all around him, while his conversation never failed at once to amuse and to instruct.

Not many months ago I paid him a visit at his seat in a remote part of the kingdom. I found him engaged in embellishing a place, of which I have often heard him talk with rapture, and the beauties of which I found his partiality had not exaggerated. He shewed me all the improvements he had made, and pointed out those he meant to make. He told me all his schemes and all his projects. And while I live, I must ever retain a warm remembrance of the pleasure I then enjoyed in his society.

The day I meant to set out on my return, he was seized with a slight indisposition, which he seemed to think somewhat serious; and, indeed, if he had a weakness, it consisted in rather too great anxiety with regard to his health. I remained with him till he thought himself almost perfectly recovered; and, in order to avoid the unpleasant ceremony of taking leave, I resolved to steal away early in the morning, before any of the family should be astir. About daybreak I got up, and let myself out. At the door I found an old and favourite dog of my friend's, who immediately came and fawned upon me. He walked with me through the park. At the gate he stopped, and looked up wishfully in my face; and, though I

do not well know how to account for it, I felt, at that moment when I parted with the faithful animal, a degree of tenderness, joined with a melancholy so pleasing that I had no inclination to check it. In that frame of mind I walked on (for I had ordered my horses to wait me at the first stage) till I reached the summit of a hill, which I knew commanded the last view I should have of the habitation of my friend. I turned to look back on the delightful scene. As I looked, the idea of the owner came full into my mind; and, while I contemplated his many virtues and numberless amiable qualities, a suggestion arose, if he should be cut off, what an irreparable loss it would be to his family, to his friends, and to society. In vain I endeavoured to combat this melancholy forboding, by reflecting on the uncommon vigour of his constitution, and the fair prospect it afforded of his enjoying many days. The impression still recurred, and it was some considerable time before I had strength of mind sufficient to conquer it.

I had not been long at home when I received accounts of his being attacked by a violent distemper, and in a few days after I learned that it had put an end to his life.

This blow, for a time, unmanned me quite. Even now, the chief consolation I find is in the society of a few chosen friends. Should they also be torn from me, the world would to me be as a desert; and, though I should still endeavour to discharge my duty in that station which Providence has assigned me in life, I should never cease to look forward, not without impatience, to those peaceful mansions where the weary are at rest, and where only we can hope to meet again with those from whom we have been parted by the inexorable hand of death.

N° 91. TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1780.

Non quia, Mæcenas, Lydorum quidquid Etruscos
Incoluit fines, nemo generosior est te;
Nec quod avus tibi maternus fuit atque paternus,
Olim qui magnis legionibus imperitârint,
Ut plerique solent, naso suspendis adunco
Ignotos. HOR.

In estimating the conduct of men, we naturally take into account, not only the merit or blame of their actions, abstractedly considered, but also that portion of either which those actions derive from the situation of the persons performing them. Besides the great moral laws by which every man is bound, particular ranks and circumstances have their peculiar obligations; and he who attains elevation of place, or extent of fortune, increases not only the pleasure he has to enjoy, but the duties he has to perform. This, however, moralists have always complained, is apt to be forgotten; the great are ever ready to exercise power, and the rich to purchase pleasure: but the first are not always mindful of benignity, nor the latter of beneficence.

In the lighter duties of life the same rule takes place, and is, in the same manner, but little attended to. In these, indeed, it is more liable to be disregarded from an idea of its unimportance. Yet, to the little and the poor, the behaviour of the great or the rich is often as essential as their conduct. There may be tyranny and injustice in the one as well as in the other; nay, I have known many men who could

forgive the oppression of the powerful, and the encroachments of the wealthy, in more material instances, who never could pardon the haughtiness of their demeanour, and the fastidiousness of their air.

It is strange, methinks, that the desire of depressing the humble, and overawing the modest, should be so common as it is among those on whom birth or station has conferred superiority. One might wonder how it should ever happen, that people should prefer being feared to being loved, to spread around them the chillness of unsocial grandeur, rather than the warmth of reciprocal attachment. Yet, from the pride of folly, or of education, we find this is often the case; there is scarce any one who cannot recollect instances of persons who seem to have exchanged all the pleasures of society, all intercourse of the affections, for the cold pre-eminence of state and place.

But, in the ideas of their power, it is proper to inform such persons, they are frequently mistaken. It must be on a mind very contemptible indeed, that mere greatness can have the effects they are apt to ascribe to it. They cannot blast with a frown or elevate with a smile, from rank or station alone, without some other qualities attending them. 'Tis with rank and station, as an acquaintance of mine, somewhat of a coxcomb, though a better thing from nature, observed to me of dress: 'Every man,' said he, looking at himself in a mirror, 'every man can 'put on a fine coat; but it is not every man who 'can wear one.'

It is by no means so easy to do the honours of a high station, as many who attain high stations are apt to imagine The importance of a man to himself is a feeling common to all; to settle with propriety the claims of others, as well as of ourselves,

requires no inconsiderable degree of discernment; and the jealousy of inferior stations in this matter, will criticise with the utmost nicety the determinations of their superiors. In proportion as the great claim respect or adulation, the spirit of those beneath them will commonly refuse it. We see daily examples of men, who go on arrogating dignity, and procuring contempt; who meet with slights where they demand respect, and are refused even the attention to which they are entitled, because they would impose attention rather than receive it.

But it is not always by haughtiness of demeanour that people shew themselves most haughty. There is a claim of superiority, amidst the condescension of some men, infinitely more disgusting than the distant dignity of ordinary pride. Somebody has called the part which the inferiors of such people play, 'holding the lower end of familiarity.' *Orgilius* keeps a *pack* of these end-holders constantly about him. He calls them by their names, as he does his hounds; they open at his jests, follow the scent of every observation he makes, and run down every character he attacks. For all this he rewards them exactly as he does his favourite dogs, by allowing them to dirty his parlour, and feed at his table; and, like the master of many a pack, he is despised by all his neighbours who have understanding, and hated by all those who want it.

Nothing is more difficult than the art of a *patron;* the power of patronising is but one ingredient in its composition. A patron must be able to read mankind, and to conciliate their affections; he must be so deserving of praise as to be independent of it; yet receive it as if he had no claim, and give it value where it is just, by resisting adulation. He must have that dignity of demeanour which may keep his

place in the circle; yet that gentleness which may not overpower the most timid, or overawe the meanest. If he patronises the arts, he must know and feel them; yet he must speak to the learned as a learner, and often submit the correctness of his taste to the errors of genius. With so many qualifications requisite for a patron, it is not wonderful that so few should arise; or that the bunglers whom we see attempt the part, should so frequently make enemies by offices of friendship, and purchase a lampoon at the price of a panegyric.

There is a sort of female patronage, of which I cannot forbear taking notice, though it be somewhat out of place here. It is considered as of little importance, though I am apt to believe, its consequences are sometimes of a very serious nature. In some great houses, *My Lady*, as well as My Lord, has a train of followers, who contend for that honour which her intimacy is held to confer, and emulate those manners which her rank and fashion are supposed to sanctify. Let the humanity of such a patroness lead her to beware, lest her patronage be fatal to her favourites. If the glare of grandeur, or the luxuries of wealth, deprive them of the relish of sober enjoyments; if the ease of fashionable behaviour seduce them from the simplicity of purer manners; they will have dearly purchased the friendship which they court, or the notice which they envy. Let such noble persons consider, that, to the young ladies they are pleased to call their friends, those sober pleasures, those untainted manners, are to be the support of celibacy, the dower of marriage, the comfort and happiness of a future life. It were cruel, indeed, if, by any infringement of those manners, any contempt for those pleasures (too easily copied by their inferiors), they should render the little

transient distinctions which they bestow in kindness, a source of lasting misery to those who receive them.

To the behaviour of the rich, the above observations may apply; wealth, in a commercial country like ours, conferring, in a great measure, the dignity of title or of birth. There are, however, some particular errors, into which the possessors of suddenly acquired fortunes are apt to fall, that defeat the ends at which they aim, that disgust where they meant to dazzle, and only create envy where they wish to excite admiration. When *Lucullus*, at a dinner to which he has invited half a dozen of his old acquaintance, shews his sideboard loaded with plate, and brings in seven or eight laced servants to wait at table, I do not reckon the dinner given, but sold. I am expected to pay my reckoning as much as in a tavern; only here I am to give my admiration, and there my money; and it is certain that many men, and some very narrow ones too, will sooner part with the last than with former. I have sometimes seen a high-spirited poor man at *Lucullus*'s table, affronted by the production of *Burgundy*, and refuse *Champaigne*, because it had the *borachio* of our landlord's fourscore thousand pounds on't. This was honest, and *Lucullus* had not much title to complain; but he knows not how often his Burgundy and Champaigne are drank by fellows who tell all the world, next day, of their former dinners with him at a shilling ordinary, with sixpenny-worth of punch, by way of regale, upon holidays.

There is an obligation to complacency, I had almost said humility of manners, which the acquisition of wealth or station lays on every man, though it has often, especially on weak minds, a directly opposite effect. A certain degree of inattention, or

even rudeness, which from an equal we may easily pardon, from a superior becomes a serious injury. When my school companion *Marcus* was a plain fellow like myself, I could have waited for him half an hour after the time of appointment, and laughed at his want of an apology when we met. But now that he is become a great man, I count the minutes of my attendance with impatience; and, when he swaggers up to his elbow-chair without an acknowledgement, I hate him for that arrogance which I think he assumes, and almost hate myself for bearing it as I do. The truth is, *Marcus* was born in the rank, but without the sensibilities, of a gentleman; a want, which no office in the state, no patent of dignity, can ever supply. If the term were rightly understood, I might confine my admonitions on the subject of this paper to three words, 'Be a *gentle-man*.' The feelings of this character, which in point of manners, is the most respectable of any, will be as immediately hurt by the idea of giving uneasiness by his own behaviour, as of suffering uneasiness from the behaviour of another.

V

N° 92. SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1780.

LOOKING from the window of a house where I was visiting some mornings ago, I observed, on the opposite side of the street, a sign-post, ornamented with some little busts and bronzes, indicating a person to live there, by trade a *Figure-maker*. On remarking to a gentleman who stood near me, that this was a profession I did not recollect having heard of before, my friend, who has a knack of drawing observations from trifles, and, I must confess, is a little inclined to take things on their weak side, replied, with a sarcastic smile, that it was one of the most common in life. While he spoke, a smart young man, who has lately set up a very showy equipage, passed by in his carriage at a brisk trot, and bowed to me, who have the honour of a slight acquaintance with him, with that air of civil consequence which puts one in mind of the notice a man thinks himself entitled to. 'That young gentleman,' said my friend, 'is a *Figure-maker*, and the chariot 'he drives in is his *sign-post*. You might trace the 'brethren of this trade through every street, square, 'and house in town. *Figure-making* is common to 'all ranks, ages, tempers, and situations: there are 'rich and poor, extravagant and narrow, wise and 'foolish, witty and ridiculous, eloquent and silent, 'beautiful and ugly *Figure-makers*. In short, there 'is scarce any body such a cipher from Nature, as 'not to form some pretensions to making a figure in 'spite of her.

'The young man who bowed to you is an extra-
'vagant *Figure-maker*, more remarkable from being
'successor to a narrow one. I knew his father well,
'and have often visited him in the course of money-
'transactions, at his office, as it was called, in the
'garret-story of a dark airless house, where he sat,
'like the Genius of Lucre, brooding in his hole
'over the wealth his parsimony had acquired him.
'The very ink with which he wrote was adulterated
'with water, and he delayed mending his pen till the
'characters it formed were almost illegible. Yet he
'too had great part of his enjoyment from the opi-
'nion of others, and was not insensible to the plea-
'sures of *Figure-making*. I have often seen him in
'his threadbare brown coat, stop on the street to
'wait the passing of some of his well-dressed debtors,
'that he might have the pleasure of insulting them
'with the intimacy to which their situations entitled
'him; and I once knew him actually lend a large
'sum, on terms less advantageous than it was his
'custom to insist upon, merely because it was a
'*Peer* who wanted to borrow, and that he had ap-
'plied in vain to two right honourable relations of
'immense fortune.

'His son has just the same desire of shewing his
'wealth that the father had; but he takes a very
'different method of displaying it. Both, however,
'display, not enjoy, their wealth, and draw equal
'satisfaction from the consequence derived from it
'in the opinion of others. The father kept guineas
'in his coffers which he never used; the son changes,
'indeed, the species of property, but has just as little
'the power of using it. He keeps horses in his
'stable, mistresses in lodgings, and servants in livery,
'to no better purpose than his father did guineas.
'He gives dinners, at which he eats made dishes
'that he detests, and drinks Champaigne and Bur-

'gundy, instead of his old beverage of port and 'punch, till he is sick, because they are the dishes 'and drink of great and rich men. The son's situa-'tion has the advantage of brilliancy, but the fa-'ther's was more likely to be permanent; he was 'daily growing richer with the aspect of poverty; 'his son is daily growing poorer, with the appear-'ance of wealth.

'It is impossible to enumerate the pranks which 'the sudden acquisition of riches, joined to this 'desire of *Figure-making*, sets people a-playing. 'There is nothing so absurd or extravagant, which 'riches, in the hands of a weak man, will not tempt 'him to commit, from the mere idea of enjoying 'his money in the way of exhibition. Nay, this will 'happen to persons of whose sense and discretion the 'world had formerly a high opinion, even where that 'opinion was a just one; for wealth often makes 'fools where it does not find them.'—My friend, happening to cast his eye towards me at that moment, discovered a smile on my countenance: 'You are thinking now,' said he, 'that you and I 'could endure being left twenty or thirty thousand 'pounds notwithstanding the truth of my observa-'tion.'—'It would spoil your lecture,' I replied; 'but you may go on in the mean time.'—He took the pinch of snuff which my remark had stopped in its progress towards his nose, and went on.

'From this motive of *Figure-making*,' continued he, turning to the ladies of the company, 'Beauty 'puts on her airs, and Wit labours for a *bon mot*, till 'the first becomes ugly, and the latter tiresome. 'You may have frequently observed *Betsy Ogle*, in 'a company of her ordinary acquaintance, look 'charmingly, because she did not care how she look-'ed, till the appearance of a gentleman, with a fine 'coat or a title, has set her a-tossing her head, rol-

'ling her eyes, biting her lips, twisting her neck, 'and bringing her whole figure to bear upon him, 'till the expression of her countenance became per- 'fect folly, and her attitudes downright distortion. 'In the same way our friend *Ned Glib*, (who has 'more wit than any man I know, could he but 'learn the economy of it,) when some happy strokes 'of humour have given him credit with himself and 'the company, will set out full tilt, mimicking, 'caricaturing, punning, and story-telling, till every 'body present wishes him dumb, and looks grave in 'proportion as he laughs.

'That wit and beauty should be desirous of mak- 'ing a figure, is not to be wondered at, admiration 'being the very province they contend for. That 'folly and ugliness should thrust themselves forward to 'public notice, might be matter of surprise, did we 'not recollect that their owners most probably think 'themselves witty and handsome. In these, indeed, 'as in many other instances, it unfortunately hap- 'pens, that people are strangely bent upon making 'a figure in those very departments, where they 'have least chance of succeeding.

'But there is a species of animal, several of whom 'must have fallen under the notice of every body 'present, which it is difficult to class, either among 'the witty or the foolish, the clever or the dull, the 'wise or the mad, who, of all others, have the great- 'est propensity to *Figure-making*. Nature seems to 'have made them up in haste, and to have put the 'different ingredients, above referred to, into their 'composition at random. They are more common 'in such a place as this, than in a more extensive 'sphere; like some vermin, that breed in ponds and 'rivulets, which a larger stream or lake would de- 'stroy. Our circle is just large enough to give their 'talents room, and small enough to be affected by

'their exertion. Here, therefore, there is never 'wanting a junto of them of both sexes, who are 'liked or hated, admired or despised, who make 'people laugh, or set them asleep, according to the 'fashion of the time, or the humour of their audi- 'ence, but who have always the satisfaction of 'talking themselves, and of being talked of by 'others. With us, indeed, a very moderate degree 'of genius is sufficient for this purpose; in small so- 'cieties, folks are set agape by small circumstances. 'I have known a lady here contrive to make a figure 'for half the winter, on the strength of a plume of 'feathers, or the trimming of a petticoat, and a 'gentleman make shift to be thought a fine fellow, 'only by outdoing every body else in the thickness 'of his *queue*, or the height of his foretop.

'But people will not only make themselves fools; 'I have known instances of their becoming knaves, 'or, at least, boasting of their being so, from this 'desire of *Figure-making*. You shall hear a fellow, 'who has once got the character of being a sharp 'man, tell things of himself, for which, if they had 'been true, he deserved to be hanged, merely be- 'cause his line of *Figure-making* lies in trick and chi- 'cane; hence, too, proceed all those histories of their 'own profligacy and vice, which some young men of 'spirit are perpetually relating, who are willing to '*record themselves villains*,' rather than not be re- 'corded at all.

'In the arts, as well as in the characters of men, 'this same propensity is productive of strange dis- 'orders. Hence proceed the bombast of poetry, 'the tumour of prose, the garish light of some 'paintings, the unnatural *chiaro scuro* of others; 'hence, in music, the absurd mixture of discordant 'movements and the squeak of high-strained ca- 'dences; in short, all those sins against nature and

'simplicity, which artists of inferior merit are glad 'to practise, in order to extort the notice of the 'Public, and to make a figure by surprise and sin-'gularity.'

The accidental interruption of a new visitor now stopped the current of my friend's discourse; he had, indeed, begun to tire most of the company, who were not all disposed to listen quite so long as he seemed inclined to speak. In truth, he had forgot that the very reproof he meant to give his neighbours, applied pretty strongly to himself, and that, though he might suppose he was lecturing from the desire of reformation, he was, in reality, haranguing in the spirit of *Figure-making*.

I

N° 93. TUESDAY, MARCH 28, 1780.

Parva leves capiunt animos.

OVID.

That life consists, in a great measure, of trifling occurrences and little occupations, there needs no uncommon sagacity or attention to discover. Notwithstanding the importance we are apt to ascribe to the employments and the time, even of the greatest and most illustrious, were we to trace such persons to the end of their labours and the close of their pursuits, we should frequently discover, that trifles were the solace of the one, and the purpose of the other. Public business and political arrangement are often only the constrained employments to which

accident or education has devoted their hours, while their willing moments are destined, perhaps, to light amusements and to careless mirth.

It is not, then, surprising, that trifles should form the chief gratification of ordinary men, on whom the Public has no claim, and individuals have little dependence. But, of those trifles, the nature will commonly mark the man, as much as circumstances of greater importance. A mind capable of high exertion or delicate sentiment, will stoop with a certain consciousness of its descent, that will not allow it to wanton into absurdity, or sink into grossness. There is, in short, a difference, which sense and feeling will not easily forget, between the little and the mean, the simple and the rude, the playful and the foolish.

But the surest mark of a weak mind is an affectation of importance amidst the enjoyment of trifles, a bustle of serious business amidst the most insignificant concerns. The bringing forward of little things to the rank of great ones, is the true burlesque in character as well as in style; yet such characters are not uncommon, even among men who have acquired some estimation in the world. In this particular, the world is easily deceived; dulness may often ape solemnity, and arrogate importance, where brighter talents would have drawn but little regard; as objects are magnified by mists, and made awful by darkness.

Of a character of this sort I received, some time ago, the following sketch from a young lady, who sometimes honours me with her correspondence, whose vivacity can give interest to trifles, and entertainment to absurdity.

DEAR SIR,

You made me promise, on leaving town, that I would write to you whenever the country afforded any thing worth writing about. The country, at present, merely as country, presents no landscape, but one undistinguished tract of snow; vegetation is locked up in frost, and we are locked up within doors, but something might be traced within doors, had I a good pencil for the purpose.—Mine host, of whom you have heard a good deal, is no bad subject: suppose I make him sit for his picture.

Believe me, he is not quite the sensible intelligent man we were told he was.—So much the better, I like oddities—even now and then in town; still better in the country; but in frost and snow, and all the dreary confinement of winter,—Oh! your *battledore* and *shuttlecock* are a joke to them.

You remember a long while ago (so long that I have forgot every part of the book but the name), we read *Nature Displayed* together. You then told me of a certain Mr. *Leeuwenhock*, I think you called him, whose microscope shewed the circulation of frog's blood, the scales of the scales of fishes, the bristles of mites, and every other tiny thing in the world. Now, my worthy landlord, Mr. G. R. has always such a glass as *Leeuwenhock*'s in his noddle; every little thing is so great to him, and he does little things, and talks of little things, with an air of such importance!—but I hate definitions; pictures are ten times better; and now for a few sketches of my winter-quarters, and of the good man under whose government I live.

I discovered, on my first entry into his house,

that every thing was in exact order, and every place inviolably appropriated to its respective use. The gentlemen were to put their hats and sticks in one corner, and the ladies their clogs in another. The very day of my arrival, I heard the family apothecary get a severe rebuke for violating the chastity of the clog-corner with his rattan. I have hitherto escaped much censure on this score: luckily I have attracted the regard of Mr. R.'s youngest sister, a grave, considerate, orderly young lady. I don't know how it is, but I have often got in favour with those grave ladies—God knows, I little deserve it.—Miss Sophia R. therefore keeps me right in many important particulars, or covers my deviations with some apology; or, if all won't do, I laugh, as is my way; Mr. R. calls me Rattleskull; says, he shall bring me into order by and bye, and there's an end on't.

By that attention to trifles, for which, from his earliest days, he was remarkable, Mr. R. made himself commodious to some persons of considerable influence, and procured many advantages to which neither from birth nor fortune he was anywise entitled. He travelled in company with a gentleman of very high rank and distinguished abilities, by whose means he procured an introduction to many eminent men in foreign countries; and when he returned from abroad, was often in the society of the eminent men of our own. But his brain, poor man! was like a gauze searce, it admitted nothing of any magnitude: amidst great men and great things, it took in only the dust that fell from them.

He was reading in the news-papers, the other morning, of the marriage of the Honourable Miss W—— to Sir H. S——. 'Ah!' said he, 'to think 'how time passes! I remember her grandfather 'Lord W—— well; a great man, a very great

'man. We met at *Naples*, and afterwards went to 'Parma together. I gave him the genuine receipt 'for the *Parmesan cheese*, which I went purposely to 'procure, while he was examining some statues and 'ancient manuscripts. We were ever afterwards on 'the most friendly footing imaginable. I was with 'him a few mornings before the marriage of Lord C. 'W——, this very Miss W——'s father. I remem-'ber it well;—it was at breakfast;—I often break-'fasted with him before he went to the house;—he 'always eat *butter'd muffins;* but when I was there, 'he used to order *dry toast*; I always eat *dry toast*. '—The bride was with us; I was intimately ac-'quainted with her too; she let me into the whole 'secret of the courtship. Her father's principal in-'ducement to the match,—it was a long affair,—the 'B——— estate was to be settled on the young 'folks at the marriage; no, not all—part of the 'B——— estate, with the manor in Lincolnshire. '—But, as I was saying, we were at breakfast at 'Lord W——'s. His son and the bride were by; 'Lord C. had velvet breeches, and gold clocks to his 'stockings; the question was, whether this was 'proper? I put it to the bride; I made her blush, 'I warrant you;—she was a fine woman, a prodigi-'ous fine woman; she always used my wash-ball: I 'wrote out the receipt for her; it was given me at '*Vienna* by Count O——; a very great man Count 'O——, and knew more of the affairs of the empire 'than any man in Germany.—From him I first 'learned with certainty, that the Dutchess of *Lor-'raine*'s two fore-teeth were false ones. I remem-'ber he had an old grey monkey.—Sister Mary, 'you have heard me tell the story of Count O——'s 'monkey.'—But here it pleased Heaven that *Wil-liam* called his master out of the room, and saved us from the Count and his old grey monkey.

The superficial knowledge of great men, and accidental acquaintance with some of the vocables of state business, has given him a consequential sort of phraseology, which he applies, with all the gravity in the world, to the most trifling occurrences. When he orders the chaise for his eldest sister, himself, and me, the white pad for *Sophy*, and the old roan mare for her attendant, he calls it, '*regulating* '*the order of the procession.*' When he gives out the wine from the cellar, and the groceries from the store-room (for he does both in person), he tells us, he has been '*granting the supplies*;' the acceptance, or offer of a visit he lays before '*a committee* '*of the whole house*;' and for the killing of the fat ox this Christmas, he called the gentlemen three successive mornings to '*a grand council of* '*war.*'

It were well if all this were only matter of amusement; but some of us find it a source of very serious distress. Your managing men are commonly plagues; but Mr. R. manages so much to a hair's breadth, that he is a downright torment to the other members of his family. It was but yesterday we had the honour of a ceremonious visit from some great folks, as we think them, who came lately from your town to eat their *mince-pies* in the country. After a wonderful ringing of bells, calling of servants, and trampling upon the stairs all morning, Mr. R. came down to the drawing-room at a quarter before three, with all his usual *fiddle-faddlation*, but, as I thought, in very good humour. He had on his great company wig, and his round set shoe-buckles. The servants had their liveries new white-ball'd, and the best china was set out, with the large silver salvers, and the embossed porter-cups on the side-board. The covers were stripped from

the worked chair-bottoms, and his grandmother's little diced carpet was taken off the roller, and laid like a patch on the middle of the floor, the naked part of which was all shining with bees-wax. The company came at their hour; the beef was roasted to a turn; dinner went on with all imaginable good order and stupidity; supper was equally regular and sleepy; in short, every thing seemed quite as it should be: yet, next morning, I perceived foul weather in all the faces of the family; Mr. R. and his sister scarce spoke to one another, and he talked, all the time of breakfast, of female carelessness and inattention. *Miss Sophia* explained it to me when we were left alone. 'Oh! do you know,' said she, 'a sad affair happened last night; my 'brother and sister had such a *tiff!* You must un-'derstand, before the company arrived yesterday, 'he had, as usual, adjusted the ceremonial of their 'different apartments; but he discovered, on at-'tending them to their rooms at night, that my 'sister had put the gilt-china bottle and bason into 'the *callico* bed-chamber, and the ordinary blue and 'white into the *pink damask*.'—It is lucky this man is no guardian of mine; were he to watch me as he does his sisters, and see all the odds and ends about me—But what has he to do to be a guardian? Yet Nature, perhaps, meant him for something, if fortune had allowed it; he might have been excellently employed in a *pin-shop*, in sticking the rows in a *pin-paper*.

I fancy you have quite enough of my landlord. You used to say I was the best of your philosophers, your *Democritus* in petticoats. If I have an inch of philosophy about me, it is without my knowledge, I assure you; you are welcome to it, however, such as it is. Other folks may give you what

I have heard you call the *great views* of Nature and Life; it is enough for me if I can enrich your collection with a paper of *insects*.

Yours most truly,

C. F.

V

No 94. SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1780.

AMONG the other privileges of an anonymous periodical author, is that of writing letters in praise of himself, which he is, now and then, obliged to insert on account of their merit, however offensive they may be to his modesty. This sort of correspondence, which I suppose is a very pleasant one, I have not ventured to indulge in. The correspondents whom I have personated, always talk of themselves instead of the MIRROR; and, on the other hand, several of the papers I have received, are written in the person of the author, a character in which it were improper to praise him, and which, when *assumed*, gives, perhaps, no great inclination to do it. Of this last sort is the first of two communication, to which I devote the paper of to-day; the second, containing one of the very few compliments which the MIRROR has exhibited of itself, is a genuine letter from London, written by a gentleman in the very situation, the feelings of which he so naturally describes.

In my first paper I took occasion to mention a few particulars of my situation and character, and my object in this publication. My design has been to afford an agreeable and innocent amusement; and by laying before my readers those characters I was acquainted with, and which presented themselves before me, I had some hopes, though I should not reclaim the completely vicious, that I might be able to guard the young and inexperienced, to alarm the inconsiderate, to confirm the wavering, and to point out, even to the worthy, some of those errors and imperfections, from which, perhaps, the finest minds are in the greatest danger of suffering.

How far I have been able to afford any amusement, I will not take upon me to say; but I am sorry to find, that many of the characters which I have presented to the public, with a view to point out men's errors and defects, have been considered as proper objects of imitation, and that some of my readers have so far mistaken the purpose I had in presenting such characters, as to be flattered by thinking that themselves bear some resemblance to them.

When I made my readers acquainted with my friend Mr. *Fleetwood*, I never meant to recommend that excessive delicacy and false refinement which often prevents him from being happy; on the contrary, my intention was to point out the danger of that excessive refinement, and to guard such of my readers as should be disposed to indulge in it, against its fatal consequences; and yet I know a gentleman who is so desirous of being thought possessed of delicacy and refinement, that, the other day, I saw

him very much pleased when one of his friends told him he was a very *Fleetwood*. Luckily for him, I know him to be possessed of Fleetwood's good qualities without his imperfections. I cannot say so much for his acquaintance C. D.; he is a peevish discontented creature, quick in his temper, jealous of his friends, and dissatisfied with every thing about him. He has of late taken it into his head to be *a man of taste*, though he has not the least pretensions to the character; and while he indulges his own peevishness and chagrin, he flatters himself with the thought that he is a Fleetwood, and apologises for his bad temper, by calling it the effect of his delicacy and refinement of mind. Though I confess my partiality for Fleetwood's good qualities, yet, had I not known C. D., I could hardly have thought that any one would have been vain of his imperfections, who was not possessed of any of his merits.

When I introduced Mr. *Umphraville* to my readers, I never meant to recommend that seclusion from the world, and that abstraction from the duties of life, which, with all the dignity of mind he is of possessed of, have given occasion to his little oddities, and disqualified him for every active purpose; and yet *Tom Meadows*, who gave up the profession of the law, because he was too idle to attend to it, and who has lately sold his commission in the army, because he would not undergo the fatigues of a foreign campaign, has thought proper to justify his conduct by appealing to Mr. Umphraville's example; and pretends to say, that he, forsooth, has too much pride of mind, to occupy himself in applying the rules of law to the uninteresting disputes of individuals, or to be engaged in assisting at a review, or lining the streets at a procession.

H. B.'s letter, in my 51st Number, describes

the dangerous effects of giving too much culture, and too many accomplishments, and of softening too much the mind of a young girl, who has to struggle with the difficulties of life, and is not placed in such a situation as makes her independent of the world. It represents, in a very feeling manner, the delicate distress which these circumstances had occasioned. I have lately, however, received a letter from a Correspondent, who, from her language and expressions, seems to be a great reader in the circulating library. She says, she has lately spent much of her time in studying the *Belles Lettres;* that, of all things, she would wish to be learned and accomplished;—that she regrets that her father did not educate her better;—that of all the persons she ever read of, she would wish to be like my Correspondent H.B.;—that she envies her affliction, for that '*affliction makes part of her dream of 'happiness.*'

The letter published in my 78th Number, gives an excellent description of the bad effects of that too great easiness of temper which leads a man into folly and extravagance, and makes him be ruined by having too many friends. My neighbour *Will. Littlebit*, whose heart is so contracted as not to be susceptible of the sentiment of friendship, and who, far from being in danger of being preyed upon by his friends, never admits a guest within his house, says, that the 78th is the only good paper he has seen in the MIRROR, and that the last paragraph in particular should be printed in letters of gold, to serve as a lesson of imitation for all the young men of the age.

The particulars above-mentioned have taught me how difficult is the attempt to instruct or reform.—There is no virtue which is not nearly connected with some vice; there is no imperfection which

does not bear a near resemblance to some excellency. —And mankind, fond of indulging their favourite passions and inclinations, instead of distinguishing, endeavour to confound their vices with their virtues; instead of separating the bad from the good grain, they bind all up together, and hug themselves in the belief of holding only what is valuable.

P

To the Author of the Mirror.

Sir, *London, March* 13, 1780.

I am, though at this distance, one of your constant readers, and mark with pleasure not only the general good tendency of your papers, but perceive also that you draw your pictures of human nature from the only pure fountain, Nature herself.

You must know I am a native of *Edinburgh*, where I passed my youth and received my education; but have been long settled in this place. Some years ago I was impelled by a very natural desire to revisit my native country, and I now sit down to communicate to you the sensations I felt upon that occasion.

On my arrival in *Edinburgh*, I will own that what first struck me was the total change of faces. Very few were left whom I knew when a boy, and those so altered in their appearance, so much the shadows only of what they once were, as could not fail to excite many serious reflections. Hardly a single house did I find inhabited by the same persons I left in it; but every where a new race, new manners, and new modes of living. In short, I found myself, in

almost every sense of the word, an utter stranger. Even the improvements that had been made during my long absence displeased me. The corn-fields on the south side of the town were quite covered with substantial houses; *Barefoot's Parks*, where I have had many a retired and pleasant walk, converted into a splendid city, and in the old town, many ruinous buildings, the scenes of some of my youthful amusements, now rebuilt with equal solidity and elegance.

Nor were these my only grievances. The removal of the *Cross*, of the *Netherbow-port*, and of many other incumbrances; in short, every alteration, though evidently for the better, that had taken place since my departure, more or less displeased me. You will more easily account than I can, how it comes to pass that the human mind should be so much set against all innovations of what nature soever. This may, perhaps, insensibly arise from the picture they exhibit of the mutability of every object before us, and a tacit intimation that we ourselves are composed of the same changeable materials, and must soon quit the scene.

I will acknowledge, however, that I had the satisfaction to find many places that did not hurt me by any alteration or improvement. Your *wynds* and *closes* were nearly in the state I left them; and where, in some parts of the streets, you have got new pavements, the good people who live at the sides of them take care that there shall be no innovation in point of cleanliness. Your *Theatre* and *Concert-Hall* are new buildings; but your *Assembly-Room*, where people of the highest fashion resort, is just as paltry as ever. But as they dance there for the benefit of the *poor*, I shall forbear any farther remarks on it.—— *Charity covereth a multitude of sins.*

The *High-School* *, and its environs, I found unaltered, though the yards appeared to me to be much diminished in their extent. The *College*, too, remained the same plain, mean, unadorned building it was half a century ago, and seemed to me, after having seen the splendid palaces of *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, more homely than ever. Though, perhaps, in literature, as in religion, *Sister Peg* confines herself to substance, without much regard to ornament; yet, methinks, it is rather a reproach to the capital of our country, that, amidst all its improvements, this university, so much celebrated over Europe for the ability of its Professors, and the success with which every branch of science is there cultivated, should present to the eye of a stranger a set of buildings so inconvenient as well as mean. The present period is, perhaps not very favourable to expensive public designs; but I would have your readers, among whom, I hope, are included all the men of fortune and taste in the kingdom, think of the *College*, as soon as the pressure of the times will admit. As an individual, from that regard to the honour of the land of my nativity, which, I hope, will never be extinguished, I shall willingly and liberally contribute, whenever this necessary work is determined upon.

I will not tire you with my various observations during several excursions I made into different parts of the country; because some of them might, to your readers, appear too trite, and others, perhaps, too trivial. But I cannot omit telling you, that the spirit of industry, so conspicuous in the various manufactures set on foot of late years, and in the improved face of the country, gave birth to

* This school, I understand, has been since rebuilt.

many pleasing sensations which are not easily described. Yet I was not much better pleased with some of the fine buildings of the country than with those of the town. In many places I could not help regretting the Gothic grandeur of ancient castles, displaced by modern showy edifices. Some of their owners, I fancy, are of my mind; for I was informed that their fathers used to reside at the mansions in their former state nine months in the year; but that the present possessors of those elegant houses are scarcely seen there at all. Nor could I refrain, as I passed along, from dropping a tear over the ruins of our religious houses; which, however they might have been perverted from the original purposes of their erection, I could not help considering as splendid monuments of the piety of our ancestors. Some of them I saw that had still more tender ties upon my mind. I remembered having played when a boy, under arches, which time had since mouldered away, with companions, the echo of whose voices was still fresh in my memory, though they, alas! as well as those arches, were now crumbled into dust!

Were I to go on, I find I should be in danger of growing too serious. Recalling to remembrance days long past, and the juvenile society of those who are now no more, is an awful operation of the human mind; and, while it speaks loudly of the truth of St. *Paul*'s observation, that '*the fashion of this 'world passeth away*,' imperceptibly leads to a train of thinking that might be here out of place, though it is neither unpleasing nor unsuitable to the character of a rational being, who hath been taught and accustomed to consider himself as an immortal part of the creation.

I am, &c.

N° 95. SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

As you have, by several of your publications, given proof that you do not think the occurrences of a domestic life unworthy your attention, I shall without farther preface, address you on a subject full as deserving of it as any yet offered to your consideration. It is now above four years since I became the wife of a gentleman, my equal in rank and fortune; and what was more material, of a disposition and turn of mind every way suitable to mine. His estate lies at a considerable distance from the capital; but as it is situated in an agreeable neighbourhood, and as we have both a taste for reading, and Mr B. is not averse to rural employments, we spent our time as happily as possible till about half a year ago, that my ill stars directed me to renew my acquaintance with a young lady, who had been my companion at school, and who now came on a visit to a relation who lived at no great distance from our house.

Before I proceed in my story I must beg a candid consideration of it. From the introduction to the disagreeable part of it, you will be apt to imagine that I am one of those self-tormentors justly ridiculed by the ingenious author of the *Jealous Wife*. No such thing, Mr. MIRROR; my husband's attention to other women never gave me the slightest uneasiness. Convinced of his attachment, satisfied with his treatment of me, I never expected him

to be blind to the charms of a beautiful woman, or insensible of the merit of an agreeable one; nor had I the mistaken policy of many wives, of never suffering a tolerable female to enter my doors, or of courting the intimacy of some tall elderly maiden, that I might gain by the comparison. No, Sir; I depended wholly upon my unremitting attention to please Mr. B. for the continuance of his attachment. Nor can I in the least reproach myself with giving cause for the abatement I too plainly perceive in it. But to return to my story. I was much pleased at seeing my old school-fellow: we had been parted many years, and I found the wild lively romp improved into an elegant woman. She still, however, retained a good deal of the heedless manner that marked her childish days; and, though she has an excellent undertanding, she never seemed to make use of it in the regulation of her conduct or behaviour. She expressed herself much pleased at finding me so happily settled: Mr. B. appeared to her a most amiable man, and my children (particularly my little *Bess*) she said were angels. Her attention to them, I own, endeared me to her very much; though, indeed, Mr. MIRROR, no one can help loving them, for they are charming children. Her good-humoured playful ways made the little creatures doat on her. At my return from walking, I have frequently found her on her knees on the floor, building card-houses for their entertainment. Mr. B. has observed to me, on those occasions, how amiable it was in a young admired woman, who spent her life in the usual round of folly and dissipation, to preserve such natural and right feelings. He generally concluded his observations with saying, that he believed she would make a most excellent wife. I for a long time agreed with him in opinion, and used to tell her

before his face, the fine things Mr. B. said of her. She received them in a rattling good-humoured way, insisting that her conduct in the married state would depend on her husband's: for she declared that she did not find in herself that exalted turn of mind to love virtue for its own sake, and she believed she would make but an indifferent wife to half the men in the world. Such conversation generally produced an arguument between her and Mr. B. which, as it was carried on with spirit and temper, had no other effect than making them still more pleased with one another. If she found the argument growing serious, she would call over the children, and, putting them on their father's knee, desire them to kiss him into good humour, which never failed having the effect; or if she said a flippant thing to him, with which he seemed half offended, she used to take his hand, and smile so sweetly in his face, it was impossible for him to continue displeased with her; and generally a kiss, and a game at billiards, sealed their reconciliation. I own to you, I began not to relish her behaviour; yet it seemed so unpremeditated, and so perfectly corresponding with her general character, that I did not know how to make her sensible of the impropriety of it. I even doubted my own judgment of the matter. I had, for some time, lived so much out of the gay world, that I did not know but *Maria*'s very great freedom of manner might be the fashionable behaviour of the people she had been accustomed to see: if so, how was she to blame? or why should I be uneasy, knowing her to be a woman of honour, surely incapable of so base an action as endeavouring to alienate my husband's affections from me? By such reasoning I strove to quell the first emotions (jealous, if you will have them so) that rose in my breast. But, alas, Mr.

Mirror, to what purpose! I have every hour fresh cause of uneasiness. About a week ago I went suddenly into the parlour, and found *Maria* sitting on Mr. B.'s knee, her head leaning on his shoulder: he looked a little out of countenance; but she was not in the least distressed at my appearance, but asked me, with her usual good-humour, what made me look so grave? then, slapping Mr. B. gently on the cheek, said, 'It is your fault, you 'harsh thing you! when I knew her formerly, she 'used to be all life and spirits.' He answered (coldly I thought), that it was his wish ever to see me in spirits, and that he was sorry he was not so happy as to hit on a method to make me so. I turned my head aside, to hide the starting tear. *Maria*, as if guessing at my emotion, put her arm about my neck, and, drawing round my averted face, said, in a loud whisper, 'My dear Mrs. B. how 'can you indulge such weakness?' Mr. B. snatched up his hat, and left the room; I heard the word 'childish,' as he shut the door. I remember the time when he could not bear the least cloud on my looks, without tenderly inquiring the cause; but now he seems often to forget that I am present, while *Maria* engrosses his whole attention. I have been for some days deprived of his company, and have spent the time in reflecting seriously on my situation. The more I consider it, the more it appears to me of a particular and distressing nature. I have at last determined to request your opinion of it, and, through the channel of your paper, to give *Maria* a hint, that to keep clear of the grossness of vice, is not sufficient for the delicacy of the female character; and that the woman, who, by an alluring and refined coquetry, engages the thoughts and interests the feelings of a married man, is a more dangerous, and perhaps not a less criminal

companion, than the avowed wanton, who excites a short-lived passion, soon extinguished by remorse, and, if I may be allowed the expression, fully compensated for by the returning tenderness of the repenting husband.

I am, &c.

E. B.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

Mr. MIRROR,

I MARRIED, for love, a most charming woman, who has made me the happy father of two very fine children: I have a thousand a-year estate, and enjoy a most perfect state of health; yet a very slight and contemptible cause was near destroying all those fair prospects of happiness, by interrupting the harmony of a union founded on mutual liking, and cemented by mutual esteem. In your observations on the female world, you have suffered to escape your notice a dangerous and most destructive race, whose hearts, hardened by vanity, are equally impenetrable to the shafts of love, and insensible of the charms of friendship; yet the business of their lives is to excite passions they never mean to gratify, and sentiments they are incapable of returning. My dear Mrs. B., unfortunately for us both, some months ago renewed an intimacy, formed in her childish days, with one of those females. To *Maria* I was introduced as the husband of her friend; as such I was received by her, without reserve, and soon treated with the most flattering distinction. *Maria* possesses all those powers of allurement which men for ever condemn, and can never withstand: she can assume every shape that is fitted to captivate the senses, or delight the

imagination, and can vary her appearance at pleasure. So consummate is her art, that one could not, for an instant, suspect her of any design in her behaviour; and even at this moment, that an accident has laid open her whole character to me, I should not answer for my resolution were she to enter the room, and smilingly take my hand, as was her frequent custom, with such a mixture of sweetness and tenderness in her looks!—I almost fear I should be weak enough to forget that my opinion of her is founded on the clearest proofs of her dissembling arts, and stand before her self-condemned, as the defamer of innocence and undesigning simplicity.

Luckily I am out of her reach: I left my own house immediately upon the discovery I made of the fair hypocrite's real disposition. I mean to send for my dear Mrs. B and with her pay a visit to the capital, and there use all my efforts to make her amends for any uneasiness my foolish infatuation may have given her; but first I wished to make this public acknowledgement of it; and, as *Maria* deserves no mercy, I shall shew her none, except concealing her family-name.

For five months, Mr. MIRROR, the Proteus-like animal had found out a thousand different ways to charm me. Was I in spirits, she was all life and good humour; when in a graver mood, I found her all sense and seriousness. If what I had been reading excited in me a tender and not unpleasing melancholy, the sympathetic tear stood ready in her eye. A few days since, upon my reading to her the story of *La Roche*, so beautifully told in your papers, she wept leaning upon my shoulder; and I own to you, Mr. MIRROR, as her tears fell upon the finest bosom Nature ever formed, while her white hand lightly pressed upon my arm, I

thought I had never beheld so interesting an object. Mrs. B. came suddenly into the room; her grave cold manner was at the moment disagreeably contrasted to *Maria*'s animated feelings. For the first time since our marriage, I thought I saw a change in Mrs. B.'s temper, and that she was not the very amiable woman I took her for. She took amiss something I said, and I left the room in disgust. I strolled down a shady walk that goes round part of my improvements: at the end of it I found *Maria* seated on the grass, with one of my little girls on her lap. She rose at my approach, and, desiring the child to walk before us, took me under the arm, and, in the gentlest terms, expostulated with me on the abruptness of my manner. She had, she said, after a vain attempt to soothe her, left Mrs. B. in tears. She acknowledged I had not given her very serious cause of uneasiness, but that a man of my sense should make allowance for the trifling blemishes of a very good woman; adding, with a smile, 'My dear Mr. B. we are none of us angels.' —I was puppy enough to be ready to exclaim, 'Upon my soul, you are one.'—I contented myself with saying, 'Whoever you marry, *Maria*, will 'have no reason to complain of your temper.' She blushed, drew out her handkerchief to cover her face with it, as if to conceal her emotions, but gave me such a look from below it! A servant appeared to tell us that dinner waited, and we went into the house together.

In the afternoon one of my little girls came into the parlour, where I was sitting alone: 'See what 'I found in the walk, Papa?' said she, holding out a paper. I took it from the child, and, seeing it was *Maria*'s hand, was about to go up stairs to restore it to its owner, when my own name written

in large characters, struck my eye. My good manners were overpowered by the immediate impulse of my curiosity; I opened the paper, and read what follows; it was part of an unfinished letter to a friend in town.

'You ask what havoc I have made among the 'beaux at ———? Alas! my dear Bell, you know 'but little of my situation when you talk of beaux; 'not a creature one would allow to pick up one's 'fan within ten miles of us. Having nothing upon 'my hands, I have struck up a sort of sentimental 'Platonic flirtation with a Mr. B. who lives within 'a small distance of our house. I knew his wife 'at school, and she was one of the first who visited 'me upon my arrival here. Her violent praises of 'her beloved gave me a sort of desire to see him; 'and, I own, I found him tolerable enough in his ap-'pearance, and by no means deficient in understand-'ing, but vain of his slight pretensions to talents, 'and very fond of being thought profound. At 'the first glance I saw into him, and could now 'twist him round my finger. It is very diverting 'to observe by what foolish principles your men, 'who think themselves very wise, are governed. 'Flatter this man's vanity, and you might lead him 'round the world. Now I know you will treat 'me, in return for my frankness, with a lecture 'upon coquetry, married men, impropriety, and 'so-forth. Take my advice, my dear Bell, and 'save yourself the trouble; it would be all to no 'purpose. A coquette I am, and a coquette I 'will remain to the last day of the existence of my 'powers of pleasing.'

The paper was there at an end. It raised in me the strongest indignation and contempt for the writer. And I felt so ashamed of my folly, that

I determined not to see my dear Mrs. B. until I had made some atonement, by sending you an account of my errors and repentance.

I am, &c.

J. B.

N° 96. SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM neither ugly, nor old, nor poor, nor neglected; I have a clear conscience: nor have I suffered any calamity by the inconstancy of lovers, or the death of relations. I am not unhappy. The world would laugh at me if I should say I were unhappy. But I am not happy. I will tell you my case: I confide in your feelings; for you seem to understand, what few people understand, that a person may be in easy circumstances, have a clear conscience, and enjoy sufficient reputation, and yet be —no, I will not say miserable,—but not happy.

I am the only daughter of an eminent merchant. My father made his own fortune; and a very good fortune he has made of it. He married my mother before his situation was so comfortable as it is at present. They are neither of them niggardly. Having wherewithal to live, not only with ease, but with some degree of splendour, they choose, as they say, to enjoy the fruit of their labours. Accordingly, we live in an elegant house, have a handsome carriage, keep a good number of servants, and see a great deal of company. You will easily con-

ceive, however, that the show attending my father's present system of living, and the manners suited to his present condition, do not just agree with his former habits. But this does not signify much. He is a good-natured worthy man; and they must be very captious indeed, who will not suffer his merits to conceal his defects.

With regard to myself, my parents, having no other daughter, and intending to give me a genteel portion, were determined I should have a good education. 'For,' said my father, 'a young woman 'of fortune, and of an agreeable appearance must 'go into company. You and I, Bridget,' addressing himself to my mother, 'set out in life in a 'different manner. But Mary must have educa-'tion.'

So they sent me to a famous boarding-school; and, in so far as my improvement was concerned, they spared no expence.—Sir, I speak to you without reserve; and I hope you will not think me too vain, if I tell you, that my education was no difficult matter. I understand music, and had little difficulty in acquiring the French and Italian languages. Indeed the worthy person who had the charge of my education, was well calculated to promote my improvement. She was a woman of family, of fine education, exquisite taste, great goodness of heart, and had shewn spirit enough, on the decline of her father's fortune, rather than live a dependant on her relations, to procure an independent, and now she has rendered it a respectable, livelihood for herself. In a word, Sir, I am what they call tolerably accomplished; and you will think it strange, and I think it strange myself, that this should be the source of my uneasiness.

It is now some time since I returned to my father's house. When I came home, I was received with

rapture. My father and mother adored me. They would refuse me nothing. They strove to prevent my wishes.—Good people! may heaven grant them peace of mind, and long life to enjoy the fortune they so justly deserve!—But why, Sir, did they make me, as they term it, so very accomplished? They have made me a different creature from themselves. I am apt to fancy myself of a higher order.—Forgive my presumption; and I am sure you will forgive me, when I tell you, I really wish myself lower. Indeed, Sir, and it grieves me to the soul, I am sometimes impatient of my parents, but I will not dwell upon this.

I told you, we see a great deal of company; and all the people we see are disposed to admire me. 'Mighty well,' you will say: 'Give a young woman admiration, and what more can she wish for?'—Sir, I wish they loved me more, and admired me less. I am made to sing, and to play on the harpsichord; and, to oblige my father, am sometimes constrained to repeat verses; and all this to people who understand no music, and know no other poetry than the Psalms of David in metre. Indeed, till I became better acquainted with them, I found that, even in our conversation, there was a mutual misapprehension; and that they were sometimes as unintelligible to me as I was to them. I was not at all surprised to hear them call some of our acquaintance *good* men; but, when I heard them call our neighbour *John Staytape*, a *great* man, I could not help asking what discovery he had made in arts or science, or what eminent service he had rendered his country? I was told in return, that within these few years he had *realised* a *plum*. This phrase was also new to me; and I wished to have known something about the nature of such *realization*. Choosing, however, to ask but one question at a time, I said

nothing: and soon learned, that, whatever services Mr. *Staytape* might do his country, he had hitherto made no great discovery in arts or sciences.

I confess, indeed, that one time I fancied they might have some little notion of books; and when I heard them speak about *underwriters*, I thought it might perhaps be some ludicrous term for the *minor poets*.

So when they spoke about *policies*, I fancied they were using the Scotch word for improvements in gardening, and ventured to say something in favour of *clumps*; 'Clumps,' said a gentleman, who is a frequent visitor at our house, 'she is to be laden 'with Norway fir.' I found they were speaking about the good ship Rebecca.

A grave-looking man who sat near me one day at dinner, said a good deal about the *fall*, and of events that should have happened before and after the *fall*. As he also spoke about *Providence*, and *Salem*, and *Ebenezer*; and as great deference was shewn to every thing that he said, and being, as I told you, a grave-looking man in a black coat, I was not sure but he might be some learned theologian; and imagined he was speaking about Oriental antiquities, and the *fall of Adam*. But I was soon undeceived. The gentleman had lived for some time in *Virginia*; by *Providence* he meant the town of that name in *Rhode-island*; and by the *fall* he meant, not the fall of our first parents, for concerning them he had not the least idea, but, as I suppose, the fall of the leaf; for the word is used, it seems, in the American dialect, for autumn.

In this situation, Sir, what shall I do? By my boasted education, I have only unlearned the language, and lost the manners, of that society in which I am to live.——If you can put me on any

method of bringing my friends up to me, or of letting myself down to them, you will much oblige

Yours, &c.

MARY MUSLIN.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

As you are very successful in delineating the manners of modern times, it might add, perhaps, to the effect of your pictures, if you sometimes gave a view of former manners. The contrast would be agreeable; and, if I may use the expression, would give a certain *relief* to your other delineations. I offer you a small sketch of an incident, supposed to have happened in the times of our forefathers. I flatter myself you have no objection to it on account of its being in verse. It is merely an outline; yet, I hope, it is so marked, as that concomitant circumstances, though not expressed, may readily be conceived.

MONTANUS.

The MARRIAGE of EVAL.

I.

Loud from JURA's rocky shore,
Heard ye the tumultuous roar?—
Sudden from the bridal feast,
By impetuous ire possess'd,
Fury flashing in their eyes,
Kinsmen against kinsmen rise:
And, issuing to the fatal field,
Bend the bow, the falchion wield.—
From her eyry, with dismay,
The tow'ring eagle soars away.

The wild-deer from their close retreat,
Start with terror and amaze,
Down on the furious conflict gaze.
Then to deep forests bend their nimble feet,

II.

Ah! that reckless speech should fire
Kinsmen with inhuman ire!——
Goaded by vindictive rage,
Lo! the martial clans engage.
Now the feather'd arrows sing;
Now the bossy targets ring.
With rav'ning swords the sudden foes
Now in fierce encounter close.
Lo! the blade horrific gleams;
And now the purple torrent streams:
The torrent streams from Eval's side,
Tinging with his flowing gore
The white foam on the sea-beat shore.——
Ah! who will succour his afflicted bride?

III.

Lo! she flies with headlong speed;
'Bloody, bloody was the deed!'
Wild with piteous wail, she cries,
Tresses torn and streaming eyes;
'Lift, O! gently lift his head;
'Lay him on the bridal bed;
'My kinsmen!—cruel kinsmen, ye!
'These your kindliest deeds to me!—
'Yes, the clay-cold bed prepare,
'The willing bride and bridegroom there
'Will tarry; will for ever dwell.——
'Now, inhuman men depart:
'Go, triumph in my broken heart!'—
She said, she sigh'd, a breathless corse she fell.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM one of a family of young ladies who read your paper, with which we have been hitherto tolerably well pleased, though we could wish it were not quite so *grave*, and had a little more *love* in it. But we have found out, of late, that it is none of your own, but mostly borrowed from other people. A cousin of ours, who is himself a fine scholar, and has a great acquaintance among the critics, shewed us many different instances of this. Your first paper, he told us, was copied from the first paper of the *Spectator*; and, upon looking into both, we found them exactly the same, all about the author and the work from beginning to end. Your *Umphraville*, he said, was just Sir *Roger de Coverley*; which we perfectly agreed in, except that my sister *Betsy* observed, *Umphraville* wanted the *Widow*, which all of us think the very best part of Sir *Roger*. Your *Bobby Button*, he assured us, was borrowed from N° 13. of the *True Patriot*, published by Mr. *Fielding*, who wrote *Tom Jones*; and there, indeed, we found there was a story of a young gentleman, who liked French wine better than his country, just like Sir *Bobby*. N° 72, which we thought a very *sweet* paper, he informed us was taken from the *Night Thoughts*; and, indeed, though we don't understand *Latin*, we saw plainly that the *mottos* were the same to a T. All this, however, we might have overlooked, had not a gentleman, who called here this morning, who used formerly to be a great advocate for the MIRROR, confessed to us, that our cousin's intelligence was literally true; and, more than all that, he told us, that your very last Number was to be found, every *word* of it, in *Johnson's Dictionary*.

We send you therefore, notice, Sir, that unless you can contrive to give us something new for the future, we shall be obliged to countermand our subscription for the MIRROR. We can have a reading of a fresh *Novel* every morning for the money, with a *spick* and *span* new story in it, such as none of us ever read or heard of in all our lives before.

Yours, &c.

EVELINA.

V

N° 97. TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR

Your correspondent K. B. has well described the calamitous condition of a *private tutor*, without money or friends. Perhaps it will afford him some consolation, to hear of one who needlessly entangled himself in difficulties of a like nature.

My father bred me to the study of letters, and, at his death, left me in possession of a fortune, not sufficient to check my industry in the pursuit of knowledge, but more than sufficient to secure me from servile dependence.

Through the interest of his friends, I obtained an honourable and lucrative office; but there were certain arrangements to be made, which delayed my admission to it for a twelvemonth. While I was considering in what way I might best fill up this interval of life, an acquaintance of mine requested, as a

particular favour, that I would bestow the year which I could call *mine*, in *reading* with the only son of the rich Mr. *Flint*. The conditions offered were uncommonly advantageous, and such as indeed flattered the vanity of a young man.

For understanding my story, it is fit that you should be informed of the characters of that family, into which I was received with so many marks of favour and distinction.

Rowland Flint, Esq. was born of poor but honest parents; they made a hard shift to have him instructed in reading, and even in writing and arithmetic; and then they left him to find his way through the world as he best could. The young man, like a philosopher, carried about with him all that was truly his own, his quill and his ink-holder; he attached himself to one of the subordinate departments of the law, in which his drudgery was great and his profits scanty. After having toiled for many years in this humble, contented, and happy vocation, he was suddenly raised to opulence by the death of an uncle.

This uncle went abroad at a very early period of life, with the fixed resolution of acquiring a competency, and then of enjoying it at home. But *that competency*, which filled up the measure of the ambition of a bare Scotch lad, proved far short of the desires of an eminent foreign merchant. He imperceptibly became, 'in easy circumstances, well in the 'world, of great credit, a man to be relied on, and 'to be advised with, and even one superior to all 'shocks, calls, and runs.'

While engaged in making his fortune, he thought it needless to inquire after his poor relations whom he could not assist; and, after he made his fortune, he thought it equally needless, as he was to see them so soon in Scotland. Yet a multitude of unforeseen

obstacles retarded his return: some new mortgage was to be settled, some company concerns to be wound up, or some bottomry accompt to be adjusted; and thus year glided along after year, till at length death surprised him at the age of threescore and ten.

Busied in making money, he had never bestowed a thought on providing an heir to it: *that* he left to the impartial determination of the laws of his country; and, dying intestate, he was succeeded by his nephew *Rowland Flint*.

This gentleman, on his becoming rich, discovered himself to be eminently skilled in the science of law, the study, as he boasted, of his earlier years; and this knowledge engaged him in three or four lawsuits, which the court uniformly determined against him with costs.

But of every other science he honestly avowed his want of knowledge; and he did not even pretend to understand painting or politics; but he had a mighty veneration for literature and its professors, and he was resolved to make his son a great scholar, *although it should stand him in ten thousand pounds sterling*.

My pupil is in his fifteenth year. They had taken him from school before it was discovered that his proficiency in literature did not qualify him for college; and it became my task to *bring him forward*, that is, to teach him what he ought to have known already.

The youth is of a docile disposition, and of moderate talents; his memory good, and his application such as is generally to be found among those who, having no particular incentives to study, perform their tasks merely as tasks.

I have little to say concerning his mother: her mind was wholly absorbed in the contemplation of her husband's riches, and in the care of her son's

health and her own. Baron *Bielfield*, an eminent German author, observes, that, in our island, there is a disease called *le-catch-cold*, of which the natives are exceedingly apprehensive. Mrs. *Flint* lived under the perpetual terror of that disease.

Being thus rendered incapable of the active duties of house-keeping, she committed them to her brother, Captain *Winterbottom*, who, as he was wont to say, 'could bear a hand at any thing.' But his chief excellence lay in the conduct of the stew-pan and the nation. He had long commanded a vessel in the Baltic trade; and it having been once employed as a transport in the service of government, he affected to wear a cockade, and wished to have it understood that he belonged to the navy. The captain had dealt occasionally in borough-politics, belonged to several respectable clubs in London, and was one of the original members of the Robinhood society.

The last of the family that I shall mention is Miss *Juliana Winterbottom*, a maiden sister of Mrs. *Flint*. Her original name was *Judith*; but, when she arrived at the years of discretion, she changed it to *Juliana*, as being more genteel.

Many years ago, Lady———was advised to pass a winter at *Nice*, for recovery of her health, worn out by the vigils and dissipation of a London winter; and she easily prevailed on Miss *Juliana* to go as her companion. The heat of the climate, and the cold blasts from the Alps, soon completed what the corrupted air of good company, and the damps from the Thames, had begun, and Lady——— lived not to *re-fee* her British physicians.

Miss *Juliana*, on her return home, passed by the castle of *Fernay*, and got a peep of *M de Voltaire*, in his furred cap and night-gown. At Paris, she chanced to be in company with Count *Buffon*, for half an hour; and she actually purchased a volume

of music *written* by the great *Rousseau* himself. Having thus become acquainted with the foreign *literati*, she commenced a sort of *literati* in her own person. She frequently advances those opinions in history, morals, and physics, which, as she imagines, are to be found in the writings of the French Philosophers. But, whether through the habits of education, or through conscious ignorance, it must be confessed that she dogmatises with diffidence, and is a very stammerer in infidelity.

Having seen Paris, and having picked up a good many French words in the course of her travels, she thinks that she is authorised, and, in some sort, obliged, to speak French. Nothing can be more grotesque than her travelled language. When she left Scotland, 'her speech,' to use a phrase of Lord *Bacon*, 'was in the full dialect of her nation.' At *Nice* she conversed with English and Irish; and by imitating the language of each, she has, in her pronunciation, completed the union of the three kingdoms. But still her own country-language predominates; for, during her residence abroad, she had an opportunity of preserving, and even of improving it by daily conferences with the house-maid, who was born and educated in the country of *Banff*.

In pronouncing French, she blends the tone of all those dialects: and her phraseology is as singular as her pronunciation; for she faithfully translates every word from her own mother-tongue. An example of this presents itself, which I shall never forget. One day, addressing her discourse to me, she said, '*Je doute pas que vous avez* perusé *les ouvraiges di* '*Mongseer le Counte de Bouffon; que un charmang crea-*'*ture! il met philosophes et* divins *par les oreilles.*' That is, 'I doubt not that you have read the works 'of Count *Bouffon;* what a charming creature! he 'sets philosophers and divines by the ears.' I

answered her, that I had never read the works of that renowned author, but that I had read the *Principia* of Sir *Isaac Newton*. 'Why, indeed,' replied she, 'Sir *Isaac* may have been a man of better *prin-* 'ciples, but *assheurement*, the *theories* of the *Count* are 'wittier.'

It is a happy circumstance that Miss *Winterbottom* did not make the grand tour. Had she visited Italy, she would have proved as great an adept in statuary and in painting, as she is at present in philosophy. But Miss *Winterbottom* cannot, in conscience, talk of her having visited Italy, while her travels were limited to the borders of Piedmont.

I never heard her mention Italy but once, and then she got no great encouragement to proceed in her remarks. At dinner she said, 'I remember, 'that, in Italy, they have something very like our 'veal, which they call *vitello*.' 'Well, sister *Juddy*,' cried captain *Winterbottom*, 'and why should they 'not? for if *vitello* means *veal* in their *lingo*, what 'else would you have the poor devils call it?'

It was resolved to postpone my lessons for a while, 'that,' as Mr. Flint expressed it, 'I might come 'to know the ways of the house first.'

Miss *Juliana* constantly teased me with questions about my plan for her nephew's education. To puzzle her a little I said, that, some weeks hence, I proposed to teach him to make nonsense verses, '*Misericorde*,' cried she, '*nonsense verses!* Is that 'part of the *etiquaitte?*'

'Let the boy alone,' added Captain *Winterbottom*, 'when he is old enough to be in love, he will make '*nonsense verses*, I warn't you, without any help of 'yours; ay, although it should be on Mamma's 'dairy-maid.' Mr. Flint laughed loud, and Mrs. Flint said gently, 'Oh fy, brother!'

Perceiving that, on this encouragement, the Cap-

tain was about to be more witty, I recalled the conversation to nonsense verses, endeavoured to explain their nature, and observed, that their main use was to instruct one in the quantity of syllables.

'Quantity of syllables,' exclaimed the Captain, 'there is a modern education for you! Boys have 'their heads lumbered with great quantities of Latin 'syllables and words, when they should be taught 'to understand *things*, to speak their own language 'rough and round, and so *cut* a figure in parliament. 'I remember *Will. Fitzdriver*; but he is gone! 'Honest *Will* knew no tongue except a little of his 'own, and yet he would talk to you for an hour, 'and you would have thought that he had scarcely 'entered on the subject at all. He never valued any 'of your outlandish *lingos*, not he!'

I said, that, if my pupil were of an age to go into parliament, I should be apt to advise him to follow the precepts of *Pythagoras*, and be silent for seven 'years. 'He must have been a sure card, that Mr. '*Pythagoras*,' observed the Captain, 'and I do 'suppose that he lived up to his own precepts; for 'I never heard of any speaker of that name; no, not 'even in committees. People, to be sure, may hold 'their tongues, and have a slice of the great pudding; 'but *this* is not a time for your dumb senators. No, 'we must have bold well-spoken men, to tell poor 'Britannia that she is beggared, and bleeding, and 'expiring, ay, and dead too, for ought that some folks 'care.' He rounded this pathetic period with one of his best oaths.

'Were all men to make speeches,' said I, 'what 'time would there be left for doing business!' 'Business,' cried the Captain, 'is not oratory busi-'ness? and why cannot they set to it *watch and* 'watch, as we do at sea?'

Mrs. *Flint* expressed her hope, that I would not

load her poor boy's memory, by making him get a deal by heart.

'When I first got the multiplication-table by 'heart,' said Mr. Flint, who generally falls in the rear of conversation, 'it was a plaguy troublesome 'job; but now that I am master of it, I don't per-'ceive that it loads my memory at all.'

'Learned men have remarked,' said Miss *Juliana*, 'that it is not the getting by heart that is censur-'able, but the getting by rote, as one does one's 'catechism.'

'There she goes, the travelled lady,' cried the Captain; 'she must always have a fling at her 'catechism.'

'Mr. *Winterbottom*,' replied Miss *Juliana* with exceeding dignity, 'you wrong me much; 'I am 'sure, that I should be the last woman alive to say 'any thing, especially in mixed companies, to the 'disparagement of the religion of the state, which I 'have always considered as the great *lyeng* [*lien*] of 'society.'

'You have always considered religion as *great* 'lying! and who taught you that, sister *Juddy?* 'your godfathers and your godmothers! No, 'sure.'

Here I was laid under the necessity of interposing, and of assuring Captain *Winterbottom*, that he mistook his sister, and that she had inadvertently used a French word to express her own *idea*, 'that reli-'gion was the great *tie* of society.' Perhaps I prevaricated a little in my office of interpreter.

'Well, well,' said the Captain, 'if *her* tongue 'was *tied*, society would be no loser.

To divert the storm which seemed gathering, I spoke of my purpose to explain the tenth satire of *Juvenal*, a poem, for method, composition, and animated language, universally admired.

'What does that *Juvenal* write about?' said Miss *Juliana:* 'I am not acquainted with his works: was 'he a member of the *French academy?*'—'Perhaps,' replied I, smiling, 'he would be no favourite with 'you, Miss *Juliana;* he has been very severe upon 'the Roman ladies.'

'Ay, they were Papists,' said Captain *Winterbottom*, 'and they are all wh——.' 'Give me leave 'to tell you,' cried Miss *Juliana*, in a higher key, 'when I was abroad, I had the honour of being 'known to several ladies of the Roman persuasion, 'and they were persons of the strictest virtue.'

'I suppose you asked them whether they were 'wh——, and they said they were not. Poor sister '*Juddy!* It is true, I never was in the gallies at '*Nice*, as you have been: but I have touched at '*Marseilles*, and have laid close off the mole of '*Genoa*, and that is farther than ever you travelled; 'and I say they are all wh——.'

How this wonderful controversy would have ended, I know not; but happily we were called to coffee, which separated the combatants.

I was now pretty well acquainted with the *ways of a house*, in which ignorance, self-conceit, and illiberality of sentiment and manners, had fixed their residence. It was agreed, that on the Monday following I should begin my lessons. Appearances, I must acknowledge, were not very favourable. My pupil had been generally present at the conversations of which I have given you a specimen, and, indeed, they were not such as could either enlarge his mind, or improve his understanding. I flattered myself, however, that he would be left to prosecute his studies under my direction, and that every new acquisition in knowledge would increase his love for letters.

In what way our studies were conducted, will best

appear from a faithful journal of the progress which we made during the first week. But of this hereafter. Meanwhile

I am, Sir, &c.

HYPODIDASCALUS.

N° 98. SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I NOW send you a faithful narrative of the progress of our studies in Mr. Flint's family, from Monday morning to Saturday at bed-time, carefully distinguishing the proficiency made in each day.

MONDAY.

Mrs. *Flint* had previously informed me, that her son's constitution did not agree with much study before breakfast, and that, whenever he read on an empty stomach, he was apt to be disturbed with uneasy *yawnings*; we therefore resolved that he should have a short lesson only at eight in the morning.

After waiting in the parlour till within a quarter of nine, I learned from Mrs. Flint, that her son had been observed to turn himself twice or thrice during the night, and that he seemed to be threatened with a sort of *stuffing* and *wheesing*: and that by way of prevention, she judged it best to give him a little *senna*, and confine him to his chamber for a few

hours; but that, in the evening, we might prosecute our studies without farther interruption.

Accordingly, at six, my pupil and I prepared to read the tenth satire of *Juvenal*. After having explained to him the general scope and method of the satirists, I began,

Omnibus in terris quæ sunt a Gadibus usque
Auroram et Gangem.

At that moment I heard a gentle tap at the door, and then entered Miss *Juliana* and her sister, with Mr. *Flint* and the Captain, a little behind, and walking on tiptoe. 'You must pardon our *femelle* 'curiosité,' said Miss *Juliana*, 'we come to see 'Jemmy take his first lesson from you. What have 'you got here? I fancy, from my knowledge of 'French, that I could pick out the meaning of 'some part of it. Oh! I understand; *there* is *auro-* 'ram, does not *that* mean, *break of day?*

'*Que l' aurore*
'*Nous trouve encore.*

'I learned it in a French *Chansong a boar.*' 'What 'is that *boar song?*' demanded Captain *Winterbottom*, 'is it a hunting one?' 'Oh fy, no,' said Miss *Juliana*, 'it is a drinking song.' 'And *who* 'taught you drinking songs, sister *Juddy*; did you 'learn them from your outlandish ladies of honour?' A tremendous assault on the knocker announced the approach of a person of quality.——'The Countess 'of ———.' On this joyful news the ladies hurried to the drawing-room.

Mrs. *Flint* presently returned. 'I must make an 'apology,' said she, 'for thus interrupting the 'course of my son's studies; but the Countess has 'made a flying visit to tell me, that there is a meet-

'ing of young people at her house this evening, and 'that there will be a dance and a little supper, and 'she insists to have *Jemmy* of the party; but I 'would not engage for any thing, without asking 'your leave, as you have the whole charge of his 'education. There will be many rich folks, and 'many fine folks; and there will be Miss *Punaise*, 'the great heiress; she has a vast improveable estate, 'hardby the borough of *Ayno*, and who can tell—' —The good woman was busy in weaving the web of futurities, when I reminded her that her son had taken medicine that morning, and that, possibly, he might catch cold. At another time, the mention of *catch cold* would have awakened all her feelings; but, at present, Mrs. *Flint* was elevated above the region of alarms. 'Never fear,' said she, 'we are 'going to a close warm house, without a breath of 'air in it. Come away, *Jemmy*, and put on a pair 'of white silk stockings as fast as you can; the 'Countess waits us.'

TUESDAY.

My pupil had been kept out of bed so much beyond his usual hour, that he did not make his appearance till after breakfast. 'Cheer up, my boy,' cried Mrs. *Flint*, 'you look as if you had been 'dreaming all night of your partner, Miss *Punaise*: 'come let us take an airing, and refresh ourselves 'after the fatigues of the ball. These late sittings 'don't answer with my old bones. You see, Mr. '——, that I have been as good as my word, and 'that *Jemmy*, poor man, has caught no cold. You 'shall go along with us on our airing; There is 'room for you in Mr. *Flint*'s carriage and six, and 'you may talk over your lessons by the way; 'for you will find the carriage quite easy.' No-

thing indeed could be more admirably calculated to elude every jolt: and there wanted only solitude and independence to make it resemble a down bed. 'We 'must, first of all, shut out the common enemy the 'east wind,' said Mrs. *Flint*, pulling up the glasses. The weather was warm, and Mrs. *Flint* grew eloquent on the fund of knowledge she had acquired the night before. She gave me *the catalogue and character* of the company: she dwelt most on her son's looks and dancing. 'A gentleman at the Countess's, 'who said he was lately come from Paris, told me, 'Jemmy was vastly like the *Count de Provence*, the 'King of France's brother, particularly in the *minuet*: 'but, remember, *Jemmy*, that to be a great scholar 'is a much finer thing than to be a great dancer. 'I am sure, Mr. ——, that my boy will profit by 'your instructions: he has a charming memory, and 'he will take in his learning as fast as you can give it 'him; and I am sure *that* is saying a great deal; for, 'from all that I can discover, Mr. *Flint* could not 'have bestowed his money better.'—She was going on; but, alas! flattery vibrated faintly on my ear: we had got above pine-apple heat, and I became sick and oppressed. I asked leave to get out, and walk home, as I felt myself not well. 'Oh, to be 'sure,' said she: 'I have known people sick in carriages for want of practice; don't be alarmed, Mr. '——: but here, *Jemmy*, do you wrap this handkerchief about your neck, before the coach-door 'is opened.'

I walked home in great spirits, animated by every gale around me, and I forgot for a while that I was not my own master.

In the evening, my pupil came to me dressed out and powdered: 'Mamma,' said he sheepishly, 'has 'made me engage to drink tea with Miss *Punaise*, 'my last night's partner. I don't much like her

'neither; for she is pitted with the small-pox, has 'a yellow skin, and a bleared eye; and, besides, she 'dances out of time.—There was a Miss with black 'hair.'—Not inclining to become his confident, I said, 'Master *Flint*, all engagements that *can* be 'kept with honour *must* be kept; and, therefore, 'you *must* go.' 'Nay,' said he, 'there is not any '*must* in the matter; for, I believe, the Miss with 'the black hair lives with *their* Miss *Punaise*. 'However, I can do a double task to-morrow; and 'my aunt is wont to say, that a young man ought 'not to be always at his books.' He seemed to have treasured up this precious apophthegm in his memory.

WEDNESDAY.

My pupil was punctual to his hour. But we had hadly seated ourselves, when Captain *Winterbottom* arrved. 'No lessons to-day,' roared he; '*This is* '*my lady's wedding-day, and therefore we keep holiday,* '*and come for to be merry*. Why, you young dog, if 'i had not been for this day, you would either have 'not been at all, or have been a bastard.' It was, indeed, a day of festivity and riot.

THURSDAY.

All the servants having dutifully got drunk over night, my pupil was not called, and so he overslept himself. He came down to the parlour about eleven, and we resumed the fatal first line of the tenth satire of Juvenal. 'The French master is here,' said a servant. I begged that he might return in about an hour; but I soon learned that *that* was impossible without deranging the system of education in all parts of the city. 'It is no great matter for 'an hour,' said Miss *Juliana*, 'you have *always*

'my nephew at your command; but poor *Signor* 'Bergamesco is much hurried, and his time is not his 'own.' 'Signor Bergamesco,' cried I; 'is your 'French master an Italian?' 'Yes,' said she, 'of 'a noble family in the dominions of the *Doge* of 'Venice, but a younger brother, with a small patri-'mony, which he unfortunately consumed *en travail-'lant par l'Europe*. It was a fancy of my own; I 'thought that, after the *Signor* had taught my ne-'phew French, he might teach him Italian also; for 'you know that it is a great loss to change precep-'tors, and that young men who have not seen much 'of the world are shy with strangers.'

The task imposed on my pupil by *S. Bergamesco*, occupied all his leisure till dinner-time; but I thought that I should have the absolute command of the evening. I was beginning to read, *Omnibus in terris*, when a servant said, 'Here is the French 'master.' 'What!' cried I, can *S. Bergamesco*, who 'is so much hurried, afford to give two lessons in one 'day to the same scholar?' 'It is another French 'master whom they had got for me,' said my pupil. I applied to Miss *Juliana* for the explanation of this *phænomenon*. 'It was none of my advising,' said she, 'but my brother knew Mr. *O'Callachan*, when in-'guist to commodore *Firebrace*, and *he wished to 'throw a good job in the poor fellow's way*; these 'were his very words; and so Mr. *O'Callachan* came 'to be employed: but, indeed, after recollection I 'thought it would answer well enough, as both 'masters taught by the same grammar, and both of 'them read *Telemac*.'

The linguist of commodore *Firebrace* had just taken his leave, when a smart young fellow burst into the room, with an air of much hurry and importance. 'What!' cried I, '*more* French mas-'ters?' 'Don't be alarmed,' said Mrs. *Flint*, who

accompanied him; 'it is only the Friseur, who 'comes to put up my boy's hair in papers. Pray 'don t ask me *why*, for it is a great secret, but you 'shall know it all to-morrow.'

FRIDAY.

'You must know,' said Mrs. *Flint* at breakfast, 'that I am assured that *Jemmy* is very like the 'Count *de Provence*, the King of France's own bro-'ther. Now *Jemmy* is sitting for his picture to '*Martin*; and I thought it would be right to get 'the *friseur*, whom you saw last night [he is just 'arrived from Paris], to dress his hair like the Count '*de Provence*, that Mr. *Martin* might make the re-'semblance more complete. *Jemmy* has been under 'his hands since seven o'clock.——Oh, here he 'comes!' Is it not *charming?*' exclaimed Miss *Juliana*. 'I wish Miss *Punaise* saw you,' added the happy mother. My pupil, lost in the labyrinth of cross curls, seemed to look about for himself. 'What a powdered sheep's-head have we got here?' cried Captain *Winterbottom*.——We all went to Mr. *Martin*'s to assist him in drawing *Jemmy*'s picture. On our return, Mrs. *Flint* discovered that her son had got an inflammation in his right eye by looking stedfastly on the painter. She ordered a poultice of bread and milk, and put him to bed; so there was no more talk of '*Omnibus in terris*' for that even-ing.

SATURDAY.

My pupil came down to breakfast in a complete suit of black, with weepers, and a long mourning-cravat. The Count *de Provence*'s curls were all de-molished, and there remained not a vestige of powder on his hair. 'Bless me,' cried I, 'what is the mat-

'ter?'—'Oh, nothing,' said Mrs. *Flint*; 'a relation 'of mine is to be interred at twelve, and *Jemmy* has 'got a burial letter. We ought to acknowledge our 'friends on such melancholy occasions. I mean to 'send *Jemmy* with the coach and six. It will teach 'him how to behave himself in public places.'

At dinner, my pupil expressed a vehement desire to go to the play. 'There is to be *Harlequin High-'lander*, and the blowing up of the *St. Domingo* man 'of war,' said he; 'it will be vastly comical and 'curious.' 'Why, *Jemmy*,' said Mrs. *Flint*, 'since 'this is Saturday, I suppose your tutor will have no 'objection; but be sure to put on your great-coat, 'and to take a chair in coming home.' 'I thought,' said I, 'that we might have made some progress at 'our books this evening.'——'Books on Saturday 'afternoon!' cried the whole company; 'it was 'never heard of.'—I yielded to conviction; for, indeed, it would have been very unreasonable to expect that he, who had spent the whole week in idleness, should begin to apply himself to his studies on the evening of Saturday.

I am, SIR, &c.

HYPODIDASCALUS.

N° 99. TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1780.

Juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum, mœrore gravi, deducit et angit.
HOR.

CRITICISM, like every thing else, is subject to the prejudices of our education, or of our country. National prejudice, indeed, is, of all deviations from justice, the most common and the most allowable; it is a near, though perhaps an illegitimate relation of that patriotism, which has been ranked among the first virtues of characters the most eminent and illustrious. To authors, however, of a rank so elevated as to aspire to universal fame, the partiality of their countrymen has been sometimes prejudicial; in proportion as they have unreasonably applauded, the critics of other countries, from a very common sort of feeling, have unreasonably censured; and there are few great writers, whom prejudice on either side may not, from a partial view of their works, find some ground for estimating at a rate much above or much below the standard of justice.

No author, perhaps, ever existed, of whom opinion has been so various as *Shakspeare*. Endowed with all the sublimity, and subject to all the irregularities, of genius, his advocates have room for unbounded praise, and their opponents for frequent blame. His departure from all the common rules which criticism, somewhat arbitrarily perhaps, has imposed, leaves no legal code by which the decision can be regulated; and in the feelings of different readers, the same passage may appear simple or mean,

natural or preposterous, may excite admiration, or create disgust.

But it is not, I apprehend, from particular passages or incidents that *Shakspeare* is to be judged. Though his admirers frequently contend for beauty in the most distorted of the former, and probability in the most unaccountable of the latter; yet it must be owned, that, in both, there are often gross defects which criticism cannot justify, though the situation of the poet, and the time in which he wrote, may easily excuse. But we are to look for the superiority of *Shakspeare* in the astonishing and almost supernatural powers of his invention, his absolute command over the passions, and his wonderful knowledge of Nature. Of the structure of his stories, or the probability of his incidents, he is frequently careless; these he took at random from the legendary tale or the extravagant romance; but his intimate acquaintance with the human mind seldom or never forsakes him; and amidst the most fantastic and improbable situations, the persons of his drama speak in the language of the heart, and in the style of their characters.

Of all the characters of *Shakspeare*, that of *Hamlet* has been generally thought the most difficult to be reduced to any fixed or settled principle. With the strongest purposes of revenge, he is irresolute and inactive; amidst the gloom of the deepest melancholy, he is gay and jocular; and while he is described as a passionate lover, he seems indifferent about the object of his affections. It may be worth while to inquire, whether any leading idea can be found, upon which these apparent contradictions may be reconciled, and a character so pleasing in the closet, and so much applauded on the stage, rendered as unambiguous in the general as it is striking in detail? I will venture to lay before my readers some

observations on this subject, though with the diffidence due to a question of which the Public has doubted, and much abler critics have already written.

The basis of *Hamlet*'s character seems to be an extreme sensibility of mind, apt to be strongly impressed by its situation, and overpowered by the feelings which that situation excites. Naturally of the most virtuous and most amiable dispositions, the circumstances in which he was placed unhinged those principles of action, which, in another situation, would have delighted mankind, and made himself happy. That kind of distress which he suffered was, beyond all others, calculated to produce this effect. His misfortunes were not the misfortunes of accident, which, though they may overwhelm at first, the mind will soon call up reflections to alleviate, and hopes to cheer; they were such as reflection only serves to irritate, such as rankle in the soul's tenderest part, her sense of virtue and feelings of natural affection; they arose from an uncle's villany, a mother's guilt, a father's murder!—Yet, amidst the gloom of melancholy and the agitation of passion, in which his calamities involve him, there are occasional breakings-out of a mind, richly endowed by nature and cultivated by education. We perceive gentleness in his demeanour, wit in his conversation, taste in his amusements, and wisdom in his reflections.

That *Hamlet*'s character, thus formed by Nature, and thus modelled by situation, is often variable and uncertain, I am not disposed to deny. I will content myself with the supposition, that this is the very character which *Shakspeare* meant to allot him. Finding such a character in real life, of a person endowed with feelings so delicate as to border on weakness, with sensibility too exquisite to allow of

determined action, he has placed it where it could be best exhibited, in scenes of wonder, of terror, and of indignation, where its varying emotions might be most strongly marked amidst the workings of imagination and the war of the passions.

This is the very management of the character by by which, above all others, we could be interested in its behalf. Had *Shakspeare* made *Hamlet* pursue his vengeance with a steady determined purpose, had he led him through difficulties arising from accidental causes, and not from the doubts and hesitation of his own mind, the anxiety of the spectator might have been highly raised; but it would have been anxiety for the event, not for the person. As it is, we feel not only the virtues, but the weaknesses of *Hamlet*, as our own; we see a man who, in other circumstances, would have exercised all the moral and social virtues, one whom Nature had formed to be

> 'Th' Expectancy and Rose of the fair State,
> 'The Glass of Fashion, and the Mold of Form,
> 'Th' observ'd of all Observers,'

placed in a situation in which even the amiable qualities of his mind serve but to aggravate his distress, and to perplex his conduct. Our compassion for the first, and our anxiety for the latter, are excited in the strongest manner; and hence arises that indescribable charm in *Hamlet*, which attracts every reader and every spectator, which the more perfect characters of other tragedies never dispose us to feel.

The *Orestes* of the Greek poet, who, at his first appearance, lays down a plan of vengeance which he resolutely pursues, interests us for the accomplishment of his purpose; but of him, we think only as the instrument of that justice which we wish to overtake the murderers of *Agamemnon*. We feel with

Orestes (or rather with *Sophocles*, for in such passages we always hear the poet in his hero), that 'it is fit 'that such gross infringements of the moral law 'should be punished with death, in order to render 'wickedness less frequent:' but when *Horatio* exclaims on the death of his friend,

'Now crack'd a noble heart!'

we forget the murder of the King, the villany of *Claudius*, the guilt of *Gertrude;* our recollection dwells only on the memory of that '*sweet prince*,' the delicacy of whose feelings a milder planet should have ruled, whose gentle virtues should have bloomed through a life of felicity and usefulness.

Hamlet, from the very opening of the piece, is delineated as one under the dominion of melancholy, whose spirits were overborne by his feelings. Grief for his father's death and displeasure at his mother's marriage, prey on his mind; and he seems, with the weakness natural to such a disposition, to yield to their controul. He does not attempt to resist or combat these impressions, but is willing to fly from the contest, though it were into the grave.

'Oh! that this too too solid flesh would melt,' &c.

Even after his father's ghost has informed him of his murder, and commissioned him to avenge it, we find him complaining of that situation in which his fate had placed him:

'The time is out of joint; oh! cursed spight,
'That ever I was born to set it right!'

And afterwards, in the perplexity of his condition, meditating on the expediency of suicide:

'To be, or not to be, that is the question.'

The account he gives of his own feelings to *Rosincratz* and *Guildenstern*, which is evidently spoken in earnest, though somewhat covered with the mist of his affected distraction, is exactly descriptive of a mind full of that weariness of life which is characteristic of low spirits:

'This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me
'a sterile promontory,' &c.

And, indeed, he expressly delineates his own character as of the kind abovementioned, when, hesitating on the evidence of his uncle's villany, he says,

'The spirit that I have seen
'May be the Devil, and the Devil hath power
'T'assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps,
'*Out of my weakness and my melancholy*,
'Abuses me to damn me.'

This doubt of the grounds on which our purpose is founded, is as often the effect, as the cause, of irresolution, which first hesitates, and then seeks out an excuse for its hesitation.

It may, perhaps, be doing *Shakspeare* no injustice to suppose, that he sometimes began a play, without having fixed in his mind, in any determined manner, the plan or conduct of his piece. The character of some principal person of the drama might strike his imagination strongly in the opening scenes: as he went on, this character would continue to impress itself on the conduct as well as the discourse of that person, and, it is possible, might affect the situations and incidents, especially in those romantic or legendary subjects, where history did not confine him to certain unchangeable events. In the story of *Amleth*,

the son of *Horwondil*, told by *Saxo-Grammaticus*, from which the tragedy of *Hamlet* is taken, the young prince, who is to revenge the death of his father, murdered by his uncle *Fengo*, counterfeits madness, that he may be allowed to remain about the court in safety and without suspicion. He never forgets his purposed vengeance, and acts with much more cunning towards its accomplishment than the *Hamlet* of *Shakspeare*. But *Shakspeare*, wishing to elevate the hero of his tragedy, and at the same time to interest the audience in his behalf, throws around him, from the beginning, the majesty of melancholy, along with that sort of weakness and irresolution which frequently attends it. The incident of the *Ghost*, which is entirely the poet's own, and not to be found in the Danish legend, not only produces the happiest stage effect, but is also of the greatest advantage in unfolding that character which is stamped on the young prince at the opening of the play. In the communications of such a visionary being, there is an uncertain kind of belief, and a dark unlimited horror, which are aptly suited to display the wavering purpose and varied emotions of a mind endowed with a delicacy of feeling that often shakes its fortitude, with sensibility that overpowers its strength.

N° 100. SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1780.

THE view of *Hamlet*'s character, exhibited in my last Number, may, perhaps, serve to explain a difficulty which has always occurred both to the reader and the spectator, on perceiving his madness, at one time, put on the appearance, not of fiction, but of reality; a difficulty by which some have been induced to suppose the distraction of the prince a strange unaccountable mixture throughout, of real insanity and counterfeit disorder.

The distraction of *Hamlet*, however, is clearly affected through the whole play, always subject to the control of his reason, and subservient to the accomplishment of his designs. At the grave of *Ophelia*, indeed, it exhibits some temporary marks of a real disorder. His mind, subject from Nature to all the weakness of sensibility, agitated by the incidental misfortune of *Ophelia*'s death, amidst the dark and permanent impression of his revenge, is thrown for a while off its poise, and, in the paroxysm of the moment, breaks forth into that extravagant rhapsody which he utters to *Laertes*.

Counterfeited madness, in a person of the character I have ascribed to *Hamlet*, could not be so uniformly kept up, as not to allow the reigning impressions of his mind to shew themselves in the midst of his affected extravagance. It turned chiefly on his love to *Ophelia*, which he meant to hold forth as its great subject; but it frequently glanced on the wickedness of his uncle, his knowledge of which it was certainly his business to conceal.

In two of *Shakspeare*'s tragedies are introduced, at the same time, instances of counterfeit madness, and of real distraction. In both plays the same distinction is observed, and the false discriminated from the true by similar appearances. *Lear*'s imagination constantly runs on the ingratitude of his daughters, and the resignation of his crown; and *Ophelia*, after she has wasted the first ebullience of her distraction in some wild and incoherent sentences, fixes on the death of her father for the subject of her song:

'They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier——
'And will he not come again?
'And will he not come again?' &c.

But *Edgar* puts on a semblance as opposite as may be to his real situation and his ruling thoughts. He never ventures on any expression, bordering on the subjects of a father's cruelty, or a son's misfortune. *Hamlet*, in the same manner, were he as firm in mind as *Edgar*, would never hint any thing in his affected disorder, that might lead to a suspicion of his having discovered the villany of his uncle; but his feeling, too powerful for his prudence, often breaks through that disguise which it seems to have been his original, and ought to have continued his invariable, purpose to maintain, till an opportunity should present itself of accomplishing the revenge which he meditated.

Of the reality of *Hamlet*'s love, doubts have also been suggested. But if that delicacy of feeling, approaching to weakness, for which I contend, be allowed him, the affected abuse, which he suffers at last to grow into scurrility, of his mistress, will, I think, be found not inconsistent with the truth of his affection for her. Feeling its real force, and beginning to play the madman on that ground, he

would naturally go as far from the reality as possible. Had he not loved her at all, or slightly loved her, he might have kept up some appearance of passion amidst his feigned insanity; but really loving her, he would have been hurt by such a resemblance in the counterfeit. We can bear a downright caricature of our friend much easier than an unfavourable likeness.

It must be allowed, however, that the momentous scenes in which he is afterwards engaged, seem to have smothered, if not extinguished, the feelings of his love. His total forgetfulness of *Ophelia* so soon after her death cannot easily be justified. It is vain, indeed, to attempt justifying *Shakspeare* in such particulars. '*Time,*' says Dr. Johnson, '*toil'd after him in vain.*' He seems often to forget its rights, as well in the progress of the passions, as in the business of the stage. That change of feeling and of resolution which time only can effect, he brings forth within the limits of a single scene. Whether love is to be excited, or resentment allayed, guilt to be made penitent, or sorrow cheerful, the effect is frequently produced in a space badly sufficient for words to express it.

It has been remarked, that our great poet was not so happy in the delineation of *love* as of the other passions. Were it not treason against the majesty of *Shakspeare*, one might observe, that, though he looked with a sort of instinctive perception into the recesses of Nature, yet it was impossible for him to possess a knowledge of the refinements of delicacy, or to catch in his pictures the nicer shades of polished manners; and, without this knowledge, love can seldom be introduced on the stage, but with a degree of coarseness which will offend an audience of good taste. This observation is not meant to extend to *Shakspeare*'s tragic scenes: in situations of

deep distress, or violent emotion, the *manners* are lost in the *passions*; but if we examine his *lovers*, in the lighter scenes of ordinary life, we shall generally find them trespassing against the rules of decorum, and the feelings of delicacy.

That gaiety and playfulness of deportment and of conversation, which *Hamlet* sometimes not only assumes, but seems actually disposed to, is, I apprehend, no contradiction to the general tone of melancholy in his character. That sort of melancholy which is the most genuine, as well as the most amiable of any, neither arising from natural sourness of temper, nor prompted by accidental chagrin, but the effect of delicate sensibility, impressed with a sense of sorrow, or a feeling of its own weakness, will, I believe, often be found indulging itself in a sportfulness of external behaviour, amidst the pressure of a sad, or even the anguish of a broken heart. Slighter emotions affect our ordinary discourse; but deep distress, sitting in the secret gloom of the soul, casts not its regard on the common occurrences of life, but suffers them to trick themselves out in the usual garb of indifference, or of gaiety, according to the fashion of the society around it, or the situation in which they chance to arise. The melancholy man feels in himself (if I may be allowed the expression) a sort of double person; one which, covered with the darkness of its imagination, looks not forth into the world, nor takes any concern in vulgar objects or frivolous pursuits; another, which he lends, as it were, to ordinary men, which can accommodate itself to their tempers and manners, and indulge, without feeling any degradation from the indulgence, a smile with the cheerful, and a laugh with the giddy.

The conversation of *Hamlet* with the *Grave-digger*

seems to me to be perfectly accounted for under this supposition; and, instead of feeling it counteract the tragic effect of the story, I never see him in that scene, without receiving, from his transient jests with the clown before him, an idea of the deepest melancholy being rooted at his heart. The light point of view in which he places serious and important things, marks the power of that great impression, which swallows up every thing else in his mind, which makes *Cæsar* and *Alexander* so indifferent to him, that he can trace their remains in the plaster of a cottage, or the stopper of a beer-barrel. It is from the same turn of mind, which, from the elevation of its sorrow, looks down on the hustle of ambition, and the pride of fame, that he breaks forth into the reflection, in the fourth act, on the expedition of *Fortinbras*.

It is with regret, as well as deference, that I accuse the judgment of Mr. *Garrick*, or the taste of his audience; but I cannot help thinking, that the exclusion of the scene of the *Grave-digger*, in his alteration of the tragedy of *Hamlet*, was not only a needless, but an unnatural violence done to the work of his favourite poet.

Shakspeare's genius attended him in all his extravagancies. In the licence he took of departing from the regularity of the drama, or in his ignorance of those critical rules which might have restrained him within it, there is this advantage, that it gives him an opportunity of delineating the passions and affections of the human mind, as they exist in reality, with all the various colourings which they receive in the mixed scenes of life; not as they are accommodated by the hands of more artificial poets, to one great undivided impression, or an uninterrupted chain of congenial events. It seems

therefore preposterous, to endeavour to *regularize* his plays, at the expence of depriving them of this peculiar excellence, especially as the alteration can only produce a very partial and limited improvement, and can never bring his pieces to the standard of criticism, or the form of the *Aristotelian* drama. Within the bounds of a pleasure-garden, we may be allowed to smooth our terraces and trim our hedge-rows; but it were equally absurd as impracticable, to apply the minute labours of the *roller* and the *pruning-knife*, to the nobler irregularity of trackless mountains and impenetrable forests.

Z

N° 101. TUESDAY, APRIL 25, 1780.

To the Author of the Mirror.

Sir,

In books, whether moral or amusing, there are no passages more captivating both to the writer and the reader, than those delicate strokes of sentimental morality, which refer our actions to the determination of feeling. In these the poet, the novel writer, and the essayist, have always delighted; you are not, therefore, singular, for having dedicated so much of the Mirror to sentiment and sensibility. I imagine, however, Sir, there is much danger in pushing these qualities too far: the rules of our conduct should be founded on a basis more solid, if they are to guide us through the various situ-

ations of life: but the young enthusiast of sentiment and feeling is apt to despise those lessons of vulgar virtue and prudence, which would confine the movements of a soul formed to regulate itself by finer impulses. I speak from experience, Mr. MIRROR; with what justice you shall judge, when you have heard the little family-history I am going to relate.

My niece, *Emilia* ———, was left to my care by a brother whom I dearly loved, when she was a girl of about ten years old. The beauty of her countenance, and the elegance of her figure, had already attracted universal notice; as her mind opened, it was found not less worthy of admiration. To the sweetest natural disposition, she united uncommon powers both of genius and of understanding: these I spared no pains to cultivate and improve; and I think I so far succeeded, that, in her eighteenth year, *Emilia* was inferior to few women of her age, either in personal attractions or in accomplishments of the mind. My fond hopes (for she was no daughter to me, MR. MIRROR) looked now for the reward of my labour, and I pictured her future life as full of happiness as of virtue.

One feature of her mind was strongly predominant; a certain delicacy and fineness of feeling which she had inherited from Nature, and which her earliest reading had tended to encourage and increase. To this standard she was apt to bring both her own actions and the actions of others; and allowed more to its effects, both in praise and blame, than was consistent with either justice or expediency. I sometimes endeavoured gently to combat these notions. She was not always logical, but she was always eloquent in their defence; and I found her more confirmed on their side, the more I obliged her to be their advocate. I preferred,

therefore, being silent on the subject, trusting that a little more experience and knowledge of the world would necessarily weaken their influence.

At her age, and with her feelings, it is necessary to have a *friend: Emilia* had found one at a very early period. *Harriet S*——— was the daughter of a neighbour of my brother's, a few years older than my niece. Several branches of their education the two young ladies had received together; in these the superiority lay much on the side of *Emilia*. *Harriet* was no wise remarkable for fineness of genius or quickness of parts; but though her acquirements were moderate, she knew how to manage them to advantage; and there was often a certain avowal of her inferiority, which conciliated affection the more, as it did not claim admiration. Her manners were soft and winning, like those of *Emilia*, her sentiments as delicate and exalted; there seemed, however, less of nature in both.

Emilia's attachment to this young lady I found every day increase, till, at last, it so totally engrossed her as rather to displease me. When together, their attention was confined almost entirely to each other; or what politeness forced them to bestow upon others, they considered as a tax which it was fair to elude as much as possible. The *world*, a term which they applied indiscriminately to almost every one but themselves, they seemed to feel as much pride as happiness in being secluded from; and its laws of prudence and propriety, they held the invention of cold and selfish minds, insensible of the delights of feeling, of sentiment, and of friendship. These ideas were, I believe, much strengthened by a correspondence that occupied most of the hours (not many indeed) in which they were separated. Against this I ventured to remonstrate

in a jocular manner with *Emilia;* she answered me in a strain so serious, as convinced me of the danger of so romantic an attachment. Our discourse on the subject grew insensibly warm: *Emilia* at last burst into tears; and I apologized for having, I knew not how, offended her. From that day forth, though I continued her adviser, I found I had ceased to be her friend.

That office was now *Harriet*'s alone; the tie only wanted some difficulty to rivet it closer, some secret to be intrusted with, some distress to alleviate. Of this an opportunity soon after presented itself. *Harriet* became enamoured of a young gentleman of the name of *Marlow*, an officer of dragoons, who had come to the country on a visit to her brother, with whom he had been acquainted at college. As she inherited several thousand pounds, independent of her expectations from her father, such a match was a very favourable one for a young man who possessed no revenue but his commission. But, for that very reason, the consent of the young lady's relations was not to be looked for. After some time, therefore, of secret and ardent attachment, of which my niece was the confident, the young folks married without it, and trusted to the common relentings of parental affection, to forgive a fault which could not be remedied. But the father of *Harriet* remained quite inexorable; nor was his resentment softened even by her husband's leaving the army; a step which, it was hoped, might have mitigated his anger as he had often declared it principally to arise from his daughter's marrying a soldier.

After some fruitless attempts to reinstate themselves in the old gentleman's affections, they took up their residence in a provincial town, in a distant part of the kingdom; where, as *Harriet* described their situation to *Emilia*, they found every wish

gratified in the increasing tenderness of one another. *Emilia*, soon after, went to see them in their new abode: her description of their happiness, on her return, was warm to a degree of rapture. Her visit was repeated on occasion of *Harriet*'s lying-in of her first child. This incident was a new source of delight to *Emilia*'s friends, and of pleasure to her in their society. *Harriet*, whose recovery was slow, easily prevailed on her to stay till it was completed. She became a member of the family, and it was not without much regret, on both sides, that she left, at the end of six months, a house from which, as she told me, the world was secluded, where sentiment regulated the conduct, and happiness rewarded it. All this while I was not without alarm, and could not conceal my uneasiness from *Emilia*; I represented the situation in which her friend stood, whom prudent people must consider as having, at least, made a bold step, if not a blameable one.—I was answered rather angrily, by a warm remonstrance against the inhumanity of parents, the unfeelingness of age, and the injustice of the world.

That happiness, which my niece had described as the inmate of *Harriet*'s family, was not of long duration. Her husband, tired of the inactive scene into which his marriage had cast him, grew first discontented at home, and then sought for that pleasure abroad which his own house could not afford him. His wife felt this change warmly, and could not restrain herself from expressing her feelings. Her complaints grew into reproaches, and rivetted her husband's dislike to her society, and his relish for the society of others. *Emilia* was, as usual, the confident of her friend's distress; it was now increased to a lingering illness, which had succeeded the birth of a second girl. After informing me of

those disagreeable circumstances in which her *Harriet* was situated, *Emilia* told me she had formed the resolution of participating, at least, if she could not alleviate, her friend's distress, by going directly to reside in her house. Though I had now lost the affections of my niece, she had not yet forced me into indifference for her. Against this proposal I remonstrated in the strongest manner. You will easily guess my arguments; but *Emilia* would not allow them any force. In vain I urged the ties of duty, of prudence, and of character. They only produced an eulogium on generosity, on friendship, and on sentiment. I could not so far command my temper as to forbear some observations, which my niece interpreted into reflections upon her *Harriet*. She grew warm on the subject; my affection for her would not suffer me to be cool. At last, in the enthusiasm of her friendship, she told me I had cancelled every bond of relationship between us; that she would instantly leave my house, and return to it no more. She left it accordingly, and set out for *Harriet*'s that very evening.

There, as I learned, she found that lady in a situation truly deplorable; her health declined, her husband cruel, and the fortune she had brought him wasted among his companions at the tavern and the gaming-table. The last calamity the fortune of *Emilia* enabled her to relieve; but the two first she could not cure, and her friend was fast sinking under them. She was at last seized with a disorder which her weak frame was unable to resist, and which, her physicians informed *Emilia*, would soon put a period to her life. This intelligence she communicated to the husband in a manner suited to wring his heart for the treatment he had given his wife. In effect, *Marlow* was touched with that

remorse which the consequences of profligate folly will sometimes produce in men more weak than wicked. He too had been in use to talk of feeling and of sentiment. He was willing to be impelled by the passions, though not restrained by the principles of virtue, and to taste the pleasures of vice, while he thought he abhorred its depravity. His conversion was now as violent as sudden. *Emilia* believed it sincere, because confidence was natural to her, and the effects of sudden emotion her favourite system. By her means a thorough re-union took place between Mr. and Mrs. *Marlow;* and the short while the latter survived, was passed in that luxury of reconcilement, which more than reinstates the injurer in our affection. *Harriet* died in the arms of her husband; and, by a solemn adjuration, left to *Emilia* the comfort of him, and the care of her children.

There is in the communion of sorrow one of the strongest of all connections; and the charge which *Emilia* had received from her dying friend of her daughters, necessarily produced the freest and most frequent intercourse with their father. Debts, which his former course of life had obliged him to contract, he was unable to pay; and the demands of his creditors were the more peremptory, as, by the death of his wife, the hopes of any pecuniary assistance from her father were cut off. In the extremity of this distress, he communicated it to *Emilia*. Her generosity relieved him from the embarrassment, and gave him that farther tie which is formed by the gratitude of those we oblige. Meanwhile, from the exertions of that generosity, she suffered considerable inconvenience. The world was loud, and sometimes scurrilous, in its censure of her conduct. I tried once more, by a letter written

with all the art I was master of, to recall her from the labyrinth in which this false sort of virtue had involved her. My endeavours were vain. I found that *sentiment*, like religion, had its superstition, and its martyrdom. Every hardship she suffered she accounted a trial, every censure she endured she considered as a testimony of her virtue. At last my poor deluded niece was so entangled in the toils which her own imagination, and the art of *Marlow*, had spread for her, that she gave to the dying-charge of *Harriet* the romantic interpretation of becoming the wife of her widower, and the mother of her children. My heart bleeds, Mr MIRROR, while I foresee the consequences! She will be wretched, with feelings ill accommodated to her wretchedness. Her sensibility will aggravate that ruin to which it has led her, and the world will not even afford their pity to distresses, which the prudent may blame, and the selfish may deride.

Let me warn at least where I cannot remedy. Tell your readers this story, Sir. Tell them, there are bounds beyond which virtuous feelings cease to be virtue; that the decisions of sentiment are subject to the controul of prudence, and the ties of friendship subordinate to the obligations of duty.

I am, &c.

LEONTIUS.

№ 102. SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

You have already observed how difficult it is to reduce the science of *manners* to general denominations, and have shewn how liable to misapplication are some of the terms which are used in it. To your instances of *men of fashion* and *good company*, you will give me leave to add another, of which, I think, the perversion is neither less common nor less dangerous: I mean the term applied to a certain species of character, which we distinguish by the appellation of a *man of spirit*.

Lord Chesterfield says somewhere, that, to speak and act with spirit, is to speak rudely, and act foolishly; and his Lordship's definition is frequently right. At the same time, SPIRIT may be, and certainly is, often applied to that line of conduct and sentiment that deserves it: a person of virtue, dignity, and prudence, is, with much propriety, denominated a 'MAN OF SPIRIT;' but, by the abuse I complain of, 'man of spirit' is, for the most part, very differently applied.

In the various departments of business, the term *spirit* is frequently applied to unprofitable projects and visionary speculations. Let a man be bold enough to risk his own fortune, and the fortunes of other people, upon schemes brilliant but improbable; let him go on, sanguine amidst repeated

losses, and dreaming of wealth till he wakes in bankruptcy; and it is ten to one that, after he fails, the world will give a sort of fame to his folly, and hold him up to future trust and patronage, under the title of an unfortunate *man of spirit*.

But these are not the most glaring instances of the monstrous perversion of this character; the airy adventurer, or the magnificent but ruined projector, may both be men of spirit, though it is not spirit, but want of judgment, and visionary impetuosity, that have procured them the character. They may, however, possess that dignity and independence of mind in which alone true spirit consists, and may have been ruined by whim and want of foresight, not want of spirit. But there is one set of men on whom the appellation is bestowed, whose conduct, for the most part, is, in every article, the reverse of dignity or spirit, and perfectly inconsistent with it.

The men I mean are those, who, by a train of intemperance and profusion, run out their fortunes, and reduce themselves to misery.—Such men are common, and will be so, while vice, folly, and want of foresight, prevail among mankind.—They have been frequently ridiculed and exposed by the ablest pens: and it is not the character itself that falls under my observation; it is the unaccountable absurdity of bestowing upon such characters the appellation of 'men of spirit;' which they uniformly acquire, whether the fortune they have squandered is new, or has been handed down to them through a long line of ancestors.

The misapplication of the term is so completely ridiculous, as to be beneath contempt, were it not for the mischief that I am convinced has been occasioned by it. Youths entering on the stage of life are catched with the engaging appellation, 'a

'man of spirit:' they become ambitious of acquiring that epithet; and perceiving it to be most generally bestowed on such men as I have described, they look up to them as patterns of life and manners, and begin to ape them at an age which thinks only of enjoyment, and despises consequences; nay, if they should look forward, and view the 'man of 'spirit' reduced, by his own profusion, to the most abject state of servile dependence, it does not mend the matter. In the voice of the world he is 'a 'man of spirit' still.—It is said, that the easy engaging manners of Captain Macheath have induced many young men to go on the highway. I am convinced the character of 'a man of spirit' tempts many a young man to enter on a course of intemperance and prodigality, that most frequently ends in desperate circumstances and a broken constitution.

This perversion is the more provoking, that of all human characters, the intemperate prodigal is, in every feature and every stage, the most diametrically opposite to a man of spirit.—True *spirit* is founded on a love and desire of *independence*, and the two are so blended together, that it is impossible, even in idea, to separate them. But the intemperate prodigal is the most dependent of all human beings.—He depends on others for amusement and company; and, however fashionable he may be in the beginning, his decline in the article of companions is certain and rapid. In the course of his profusion, he becomes dependent on others for the means of supporting it; and when his race of prodigality is run, he suffers a miserable dependence for the support even of that wretched life to which it has reduced him. After all, the world calls him a 'man of spirit,' when he is really in a state of servile indigence, with a broken constitution, with-

out spirit, and without the power of exerting it; with the additional reflection of having himself been the cause of his distresses.

Nor is it only in the *affirmative* use of the term that I have to complain of its perversion; the same injustice takes place when it is applied in the *negative*. Calling an intemperate and ruined prodigal a 'MAN OF SPIRIT,' may proceed sometimes from pity; but when you hear a man of moderation and virtue, especially if he happen also to be opulent, blamed as '*wanting spirit*,' the accusation is generally the child of detraction and malignity. I do not apply my observation to the avaricious and niggardly, to men whose purses are shut against their friends, and whose doors are barred against every body; such men certainly want spirit, and are, for the most part, defective in every virtue; but I am afraid that it often happens that a person, benevolent to his friends, hospitable to the deserving, kind to his servants, and indulgent to his children, is blamed as '*wanting spirit*,' for no reason but because he is proof against the absurdities of fashion and vanity, because he guards against the tricks of the designing, despises the opinions and disapprobation of the foolish, and persists in that train of moderate œconomy, which he knows is best suited to his fortune and rational views.

Instead of wanting '*spirit*,' such a character is the true idea of 'a man of spirit.' In every part of his manners and conduct, he passes through life with an uniform steadiness and dignity. His moderation secures his independence, and his attention supplies the means of hospitality and benevolence. While the prodigal is running his feverous and distempered course, the man of moderation and virtue proceeds in a train of quiet contentment and respectable industry; and, at the end of their race,

when the prodigal, with a shattered constitution, without fortune, and without friends, is in absolute want, or, at best, become the mean flatterer of some insolent minion of wealth or power; the man of moderation and virtue, feeling his independence without pride, is happy in himself, useful to his family and friends, and beneficent to mankind, contributing perhaps, from charity, not respect, his assistance to that very decayed prodigal who had frequently characterised him as a *man of no spirit.*

But it was not my purpose to delineate at length the character of a real 'man of spirit.'--I proposed only to explode a very absurd and mischievous abuse of an epithet that too generally prevails. I shall therefore conclude, with assuring those who are ambitious of being 'men of spirit,' by putting on the life and manners of an intemperate prodigal, that, though they may attain the character, and even preserve it after their fortunes are spent, and their constitutions broken; yet they will be 'men 'of spirit' only nominally, and in the mouths of the world; in reality, and in their hearts, they will be the meanest as well as the most unhappy of mankind, lingering out a useless and contemptible life, on which intemperance has entailed disease, and extravagance and profusion inflicted poverty and dependence.

I am, &c.

MODERATUS.

My correspondent has confined his observations to one half of the world, and remarked the abuse of the term *spirit*, when applied to the *men* only.

Might he not have extended his remarks a little farther, and traced the application of the phrase to the conduct and behaviour of the other sex? Perhaps, indeed, the *character* is not so universally in repute, as to come within the line of *Moderatus*'s complaint; but the *thing* is more in vogue than it seems to have been at any period of which my predecessors, who are a sort of chroniclers of manners and fashions, have preserved the history.

In *London*, to which place we are always to look for the '*Glass of Fashion*,' the ladies, not satisfied with shewing their *spirit* in the bold look, the masculine air, and the manly garb, have made inroads into a province from which they were formerly considered as absolutely excluded; I mean that of public oratory. Half a dozen societies have started up this winter, in which female speakers exercise their powers of elocution before numerous audiences, and canvass all manner of subjects with the freedom and spirit of the boldest male orators. We, in Edinburgh, have not yet attempted to rival the polite people of the metropolis in this respect: some of our ladies, however, do all they can to put us on a footing with them. There is seldom a crowded play, or a full concert, at which some of our *public speakers* do not exert themselves with a most laudable spirit to drown the declamation of the stage, or the music of the orchestra.

Nor is the ambition of those spirited ladies satisfied with speaking in public, and carrying off the attention of the audience from the voice of the actor, or the tones of the musician. The public eye, as well as ear, is to be commanded; and, in the side-box of the theatre, or the front-bench of the concert room, there is often such a collection of beauty, animated with so much *spirit* of *exhibition*, that it is impossible the male part of the company

should look at the scene, or think of the music. One of my predecessors has mentioned the art which the ladies of his day used in the unfurling of their *fans*, so as to display certain little *Cupids* and *Venuses* which lurked in their folds. Had he seen some of our ladies in the attitudes which modern *spirit* has taught them to assume—such unfurlings and unfoldings—his *Venuses* and *Cupids* were mere ice and snow to them.

It is but justice to those ladies to remark, that this part of their behaviour seems calculated merely to shew their accomplishment in fashionable freedom of manner, without any motive of an interested or selfish kind. They are contented with the reputation of ease and spirit, without procuring much indulgence from the one or licence from the other. I have sometimes, however, been inclined to think, that there was a degree of unfairness in this, and to doubt, if a lady was entitled thus to hang out false colours, and to be in reality innocent and harmless, while she was quite a different sort of creature in appearance. I could not help allowing some justice in the complaint of a girl, whom I overheard some weeks ago, in the passage from the upper boxes, thus addressing her companion: 'Did you 'observe that pert, giggling, naked thing in the 'stage-box? There's not a man in the house she 'cares a farthing for; and yet she has the assurance 'to look like one of us.

Z

N° 103. TUESDAY, MAY 2, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

FROM my earliest infancy I have been remarkable for good-humour, and a gentle, complying, inoffensive disposition; qualities which, I am told, I inherit of my father, the late Mr. *Paul Softly*, an eminent linen-draper. Though I myself soon recover any disappointment or contradiction I meet with; yet so tender is my regard to the feelings of others, that I am led somehow, constitutionally, and almost against my reason, to comply with their requests, humour them in their foibles, and acquiesce in their opinions. I cannot bear, Mr. MIRROR, it hurts me more than you can imagine, to disappoint the hopes or withstand the solicitation of any human being whatever. There is a sturdy, idle, impudent, merry-looking dog of a sailor, with a wooden leg, stationed at the corner of the street where I live, who, I do believe, has established himself as a pensioner upon me for life, by the earnestness of his tones, and his constant prayers to heaven for blessings on my goodness. Often and often have I been engaged in midnight riots, though fond of peace and good neighbourhood; and frequently, though I abhor wine, have I been betrayed into intoxication, from a want of power to resist the hospitable importunity of my landlord pressing me to fill a bumper.

From this I would not have you imagine that I am devoid of resolution, or a will of my own. On

the contrary, I do assure you, that, upon extraordinary occasions, and when it is necessary, I can resist and resent too. Nay, my wife (if you will believe her) frequently complains of my obstinacy and perverseness; and declares, that, of all the men she ever knew, *Simon Softly* (for that is my name) is the least sensible of indulgence. However, Sir, as for my wife, considering that I married her, not so much from any personal regard, as in order to please her worthy family, who had served me, though I dare say without any expectation of reward, I thank God I lead a pretty tolerable sort of life with her. Upon the whole, Sir, this disposition of mine has always appeared to me more amiable as well as convenient, than that named firm and decisive, which, I confess to you, I suspect is at the bottom nothing else but conceit and ill humour. Upon one occasion in my life, however, (I think it is the very first,) which I am going to lay before you, I must own that it has given me a good deal of serious disturbance.

About six months ago I succeeded, by the death of an uncle, to a land-estate of 120l. a-year, which, unfortunately, lies contiguous to that of the greatest proprietor in the country. Along with it I inherited a law-suit, kept alive by various means ever since the year thirty-three. The subject of it was a fourth part of the estate, which, though it had long been possessed by my predecessors, as part of the farm of *Oxentown*, Sir *Ralph Holdencourt*, our adversary and neighbour above mentioned, contended must belong to him, as included in his charters of the barony of *Acredale*.—But, before I go on, I must make you acquainted with Sir *Ralph*. He is descended from one of the oldest and most choleric families in the kingdom. The stem of it, as appears from the tree drawn by the hand of his great grandfather, Sir *Eustace*, was a Norman baron, who came over with

the Conqueror. One of his posterity intermarried with a Welsh heiress; they were driven out of England for some act of rebellion, and since their settlement in the north, their blood has been further heightened by alliance with the family of a Scots Peer and a Highland Chieftain. Their jealous pride, and the suddenness of their passion, have all along borne ample testimony to the purity of their lineage. Sir *Eustace* himself fought four duels, and was twice run through the body. In Sir *Ralph*'s veins, this spirit, though somewhat mitigated by his father's marriage with one, who, as it is whispered, had once served him in the capacity of dairy-maid, is far from being extinct. In his youth, he experienced the vengeance of the law, for beating a merchant of the same surname, who, without just title, claimed kindred with him, and assumed the arms of his family. I have heard too, that he himself was once soundly peppered by a gentleman of small fortune, whose gun Sir *Ralph* had attempted to seize upon his own ground, under pretence of his being unqualified to carry one. Though now old, he is still noted for his tenacious adherence to all his pretensions, the ceremonious politeness with which he receives the great gentry, and his supercilious treatment of all those who are not entitled to that name.——But to go on with my story. Soon after my succession, being on a visit to another neighbour, Mr. B. I found him with his wife preparing to depart, in great form, for the seat of my adversary, to whom they are annually in use of paying their respects. Being ignorant of my situation, they pressed me much to accompany them; and I, desirous to please them, Sir, and not knowing how to excuse myself, at the same time thinking it unreasonable that I should be at enmity with a man whom I did not know, merely

because we were at law together, was prevailed on to comply.

In a long avenue of lofty elms, terminated at one end by a large iron gate, at the top of which the family arms are worked, and at the other, by the mansion-house, a large old-fashioned building, with a moat and turrets, we overtook the Knight himself returning from a ride. He seemed to be about sixty, but retained a robust make and florid complexion. He was seated on a superb saddle, with holsters, and a housing of fur: he rode a long-tailed horse, which had once been grey, but had now become white with age; and was attended, at a due distance, by a sedate elderly looking servant, in an ample livery surtout, mounted on a black dock-tailed coach-nag. No sooner had he perceived us, than he pushed on at a gallop, that he might be ready to present himself upon the platform of a large outer stone stair, to pay his compliments upon our arrival. I was introduced to him as his new neighbour Mr. *Softly;* but the moment the name reached his ears, the blood rushed into his face, and eyeing me with a look of indignation, he turned upon his heel, and left me. At this I was a good deal nettled (for I do not want spirit), and wished to retire: but, perceiving that my horse had been led into the stable, and that I must pass through a crowd of servants who were laughing at my reception, I thought it might be just as good to go on, and so followed them into the great hall. This was a large room, wainscoted with oak, and decorated with some portraits, a map of the estate, a tree of the family descent, beside a spear and a cross-bow, which had been borne, I suppose, by some of the Knight's progenitors. Here we were received by Miss *Primrose Holdencourt*, his sister, a maiden lady of fifty-five, who, ever since the death of his wife, has done the honours of his table. To her

I made a profound bow, of which she took no notice, unless by bridling up her head, and tossing a look of disdain at me.

Our present company, besides the persons already mentioned, consisted of the Knight's agent or attorney, and the parson of the parish. The two latter, who, for some reason or other, had all along kept standing together by one of the windows near the door, were banished, upon the appearance of dinner, to a bye-table in a corner of the room, where I likewise, finding no place unoccupied at the other table, was obliged to take my seat. But, for this disgrace, I was soon comforted by the good-humour and facetiousness of the attorney (who seemed to take a liking for me), as well as by some excellent ale, in which we both, along with the parson, participated pretty liberally. We had no communication with the other table, unless by an overture of mine towards a reconciliation with Miss *Primrose*, by drinking her health, which met with a very ungracious reception. We had, however, no great cause to envy their conversation, as it consisted chiefly of some annotations by her upon the table-linen, in which the heads of the twelve apostles, and some worthies of the family, were woven; besides a history from the Knight, of some exploits performed by the latter. Dinner being removed, and the ladies retiring along with it, the other table was naturally compelled to an union with ours; which, however, did not take place without strong marks of repugnance on the part of the Knight. These became still more and more manifest, as the liquor elevated his pride: he pushed the bottle past me, neglected to require my toast, and every now and then eyed me over his shoulder, with a look of the utmost jealousy and aversion. I did not value the looks of him or any other man a farthing; so I kept my seat

manfully. In a short time, my friend Mr. B. having, for some purpose or other, left the room, the attorney, with an appearance of great candour and cordiality, inquired of me, whether that unhappy contest relative to the farm of Oxentown were drawing to an issue? '*Nothing that depends on my will for that purpose shall be wanting*,' answered I. '*You allow*, *then*,' immediately interposed the Knight, '*that the lands of Harrow-field make part of my barony of Acredale: you are at last become sensible of the justice of my claims.*' '*I am glad of it, heartily glad of it*,' rejoined the attorney; '*but, indeed, it is impossible to doubt of it for*'—and here he began a long dissertation, so full of law-terms and bad Latin, that I did not understand a word on't, which he finished with, '*From all which, it is* luce clarius, *that the lands belong to Sir Ralph.*' '*Most assuredly*,' echoed the parson. '*And when, my dear Sir, do you mean to renounce your claim?*' resumed the attorney. All this, Mr. MIRROR, passed with so much rapidity, that I had no time for recollection or reply. Nothing could be farther from my intention, than totally to surrender my claim; an amicable accommodation was all that I meant to hint at. But what could I do, Mr. MIRROR? My friend, who might have supported me, had left the room: I had no answer ready to the attorney's argument; the whole company concurred in regarding my claims as groundless; my meaning had been misunderstood, and an explanation, besides exposing me to their resentment (but that I did not value a straw), would have subjected me to the suspicion of insincerity and loose dealing. Still, however, I was loth thus to play away so considerable a part of my inheritance. After hesitating a little while, awkward and embarrassed between these opposite motives, I did at last resolve

to undeceive them, and had actually begun to meditate an address for that purpose, which, I do believe, I should have delivered, when the attorney, slapping me on the shoulder with one hand, and stretching out the other to me, with an air of the greatest cordiality, cut me short, '*What say you, Mr. Softly? 'fast bind fast find; what say you to finishing the matter immediately?*' This proposal being quite unexpected, utterly disconcerted me. Between surprise, embarrassment, and the desire of relieving myself by a decision one way or other, seeing them, at the same time, full of expectation, I hastily, almost without knowing what I did, took him by the hand, and answered, '*Sir, with all my heart.*' In short, Mr. MIRROR, paper, pen, and ink were called for, and a deed drawn out, which I instantly executed. The Knight, immediately after, coming up to me, shook me by the hand, and commanding a bumper to my health, desired and insisted to see me often at *Castle Holdencourt*.

Being naturally of an easy temper, and seeing that the matter could not be mended, touched at the same time with the satisfaction it had diffused, I soon, in some degree, regained my good-humour. More wine was called for repeatedly; and next morning I found myself at my friend Mr. B.'s house, without knowing how or when I had been transported to it.

Upon serious deliberation, however, and after some conversation upon the subject with my wife, I am really vexed and dispirited with this affair. In making application to you, I have three views; the first merely to disburden my mind by telling the story (I fear it is a dull and tedious one); the second, to learn from any of your readers who is at the bar, whether my facility be a ground for *reducing* my consent? the third, to warn persons of a similar

disposition from going into company with their adversaries in a law-suit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

SIMON SOFTLY.

As I sincerely sympathise with Mr. *Softly* in his distress, I have published this letter for the first purpose mentioned in its conclusion, to disburden his mind of the story. As to the second, I am afraid I can be of little use to him, as a law opinion, delivered through the channel of the MIRROR, would be destitute of some of the pre-requisites, without which it would be dangerous to rely on it as the ground of legal proceeding. The third, which is a very disinterested motive, is, I believe, more charitable in him, than it will be useful to his readers. There is, I fancy, very little occasion for warning people against going into the company of those with whom they are at law, lest they should be surprised into improper concessions; I have generally observed, that being in company with an adversary in a law-suit, has a greater tendency to make a man tenacious of his rights, than to dispose him to relinquish them.

Z

N° 104. SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1780.

It has been remarked, that the *country-life* prevails more in Great Britain than in any civilized nation in Europe. However true this observation may be in the general, there is one set of men among us, to whom, in the present times, it will by no means apply: I mean our great nobles and men of high fortune. It is indeed vain to expect, that persons in that rank of life should be able to withstand the attractions of a court, and the seductions of a luxurious capital.

It is, nevertheless, a melancholy circumstance, in travelling through this island, to find so many noble palaces deserted by their illustrious owners, even in that season of the year when, to every man of taste, the country must afford true pleasure. How mortifying is it to hear a great man tell you, that he cannot *afford* to live at his country-seat, and to see him, after passing a winter in London, and losing thousands in a week, reduced to the necessity of murdering the summer, by lounging from watering-place to watering-place, or retiring with two or three humble friends to a *villa* in the *environs* of London, instead of living with a becoming dignity in the mansion of his ancestors! To such men I would beg leave to recommend the advice of King James I. who, as Lord Bacon tells us, 'was wont to be very 'earnest with the country gentlemen to go from 'London to their country-seats; and sometimes 'would say to them, *Gentlemen, at London you are like 'ships in the sea, which shew like nothing; but in your*

'country-villages, your are like ships in a river, which 'look like great things.'

I do not mean, however, to say, that a *great man* should live always in the country. The duties of his station, and the rank he holds in society, require, that he should pass part of the year in the capital; and, independent of those considerations, I believe it will be allowed, that a man of high rank, who has passed his whole life immured within the walls of his own *chateau*, and constantly surrounded by a circle who look up to him, is, of all mortals, the most insupportable.

Nay, I will go farther: I am disposed to believe, that it is an improper and a hurtful thing, even for a private gentleman of moderate fortune, to retire from the world, and betake himself altogether to a country-life.

A remarkable instance of the bad consequences of abandoning society, I lately met with in a visit I had occasion to pay to a gentleman with whom I had become acquainted at college, and whose real name I shall conceal under that of *Acasto*. Soon after he quitted the university, where he had been distinguished by an ardent love of literature, *Acasto* retired to his estate in the country, which, though not great, was fully sufficient for all his wants. There he had resided ever since; and, either from inclination or indolence, had remained a bachelor. I had not seen him for many years. Time had made some alteration on his figure; but that was little, when compared with the change I found in him in all other respects. In his dress and manners he was indeed completely rusticated; and, by living much alone, he had contracted an indifference to that decorum, and to those little attentions, without which no man can be agreeable in society. The day I arrived at his house, I found him sauntering in his

garden, waiting a call to dinner, dressed in an old coat, which had once been black, a slouched hat of the same complexion, with a long pole in his hand, and with a beard that did not appear to have felt a razor for many days.

After a hearty welcome, he carried me in to dinner. In his conversation, I found as great a change as in his outward appearance and deportment. From living in a narrow circle, he had contracted a peculiarity in his notions, which sometimes amused from its oddity; and, from conversing chiefly with persons rather of an inferior station to himself, he had become as tenacious of his opinions, as if they had been self-evident truths, and as impatient of contradiction, as if to differ from him had been a crime.

From the same causes, the veriest trifle, particularly if it concerned himself, had become to him an object of importance. A *country gentleman* he considered as the most respectable character in nature; and he talked as if honour, truth, and sincerity, were confined to them alone. Every man who lived in the world, he considered as a villain; and every woman who passed much of her time in town, he made no scruple to say, was *no better than she should be*. At first, it astonished me to hear a man, of his good sense and benevolent dispositions, talk of some of the most amiable characters of the age in the most disrespectful terms. When I endeavoured to put him to rights, he at once cut me short, by saying, he could have no doubt of the truth of what he advanced, as he had been told such and such a thing by his friend and neighbour Mr. *Downright*, who scorned to flatter any man, or to tell any thing but the truth.

I soon had an opportunity of judging how far the country gentlemen were entitled to the high character my friend had given them for honour and integ-

rity. The morning after I arrived, my host informed me he was obliged to attend a country-meeting, where there was to be business of considerable importance, in which he was deeply interested; and, as he could not stay at home with me, I readily consented to accompany him. He had dressed himself for the occasion; that is, he had shaved his beard, and put on a clean shirt. It remained to determine how we should travel. At first he proposed to go on horseback; but the appearance of a black cloud made him think of the carriage. It then occurred, that taking the carriage would stop the plough; and it was determined we should ride. But, as we were going to mount, the recollection of a cold, attended with some threatenings of a sore throat he had had the week before, made him again resolve upon the carriage. In short, I found that my poor friend, naturally of an undecisive temper, and having no proper object to fill his mind, had accustomed himself to deliberate on every trifle, as if it had been an affair of the greatest consequence. At length we set out in the carriage; but not till repeated instructions were given to *John* to drive only two miles the first hour, and not more than three, or three and a quarter afterwards.

On the road, we met with some incidents that were amusing enough. In the midst of a serious conversation on the *state of the nation*, in which *Acasto* was proposing plans of reformation, and tracing all our present calamities to the prevalence of the mercantile interest in parliament, and the shameful neglect of the country-gentlemen, we happened to pass the house of a cottager, who had laid down a load of coals rather too near the high road; which *Acasto* no sooner perceived than he stopped the carriage, and calling out the poor man, began to rate him as if he had been guilty of the grossest offence. Not

satisfied with ordering the nuisance to be removed, he thought it necessary to represent, in strong colours, all the possible mischiefs that might have ensued from it. 'What might have happened,' said he, 'if my horses had startled, God only knows!—Had 'we been overturned, my carriage might have been 'broken, or my horses killed, and even I myself 'might have been hurt.'

This circumstance, trifling as it was, ruffled my friend so much, that it was some time before he could resume the thread of his conversation. Some other incidents of the same kind gave him an opportunity of displaying his attention to the police of the country, and of impressing me with an idea of the obligations he had thereby conferred on his fellow-citizens. At length we arrived at the county-town, and immediately drove to the court house, where we found a very numerous meeting.

I soon found that the important business which had brought so many gentlemen from their own houses, was to determine, whether a bridge should be built at one end of a village or the other? From the course of the argument, if argument it could be called, I plainly perceived, that to the *Public* it was a matter of the most perfect indifference. But, if executed in one way, it would accommodate a gentleman who had acquired a large fortune in the course of trade, and had lately purchased an estate in the neighbourhood, on which he had built an elegant house. *Acasto*, and his friend Mr. *Downright*, strenuously opposed the plan of accommodating this *novus homo*, who had presumed to buy one of the best estates in the county, from the heir of an ancient family, at a higher price than any body else would have given for it. For my own part, I was truly mortified to observe in both parties as much trick and chicane as might, when properly varnished, have

done honour to the most finished statesman. In one thing only I discovered that *open plainness* on which country-gentlemen are so apt to value themselves, and that was in the *language* in which they addressed each other. *There*, indeed, they were sufficiently plain; and no where did I ever observe a more total neglect of the favourite maxim of Lord Chesterfield, *fortiter in re, suaviter in modo.*

On our way home, *Acasto* entertained me with the characters of the gentlemen we had seen: but he might have saved himself the trouble; for, by recollecting how they *voted*, I should immediately have known which of them were honest and sincere, and which mean time-serving sycophants.

I shall not trouble my readers with any reflections on *Acasto*'s character. It is plain, that the little peculiarities which, with all his natural good sense and benevolence, expose him hourly to ridicule or to censure, have been occasioned by his retreat from the world, and by that solitude in which he has lived so long. Seldom, indeed, have I known any one that did not, in some degree, suffer from it; that did not more or less, become selfish and contracted, conceited and opinionative. I never see a young heir fluttering about town in the circle of gaiety, without feeling an emotion of compassion. In a few years, when he comes to be supplanted in that circle by a younger set, no resource remains for him but a retreat to the country, where he must pass his days either in a state of listless inactivity, or in pursuits unworthy of a rational being. I would, therefore, earnestly recommend it to every parent, to educate the heir of his fortune to some profession; to set before him some object that may fill his mind, may rouse him to action, and may make him at once a happy and respectable member of society.

N° 105. TUESDAY, MAY 9, 1780.

THE winter, which, like an untaught visitor, had prolonged its stay with us to a very unreasonable length, has, at last, given place to vernal breezes and a more indulgent sky; and many of my readers will now leave the business or amusements of the *town*, for the purer air and less tumultous enjoyments of the *country*. As I have, now and then, ventured some observations on the manners and fashions of the former, I could not forbear, from a friendly concern for those whom the season now calls into the latter, to offer a few remarks on certain errors which are more generally prevalent in the country. My last paper was intended for the serious perusal of *country-gentlemen*. I mean, in this, to make a few lighter observations on some little failings, in point of manners, to which I have seen a propensity in country-gentlemen, country-ladies, and in those who, though of the town, for the greatest part of the year, make their appearance, like the *cuckoo* (I mean no offence by the comparison), when the trees have put on their leaves, and the meadows their verdure.

In the *first* place, I would beg of those who migrate from the city, not to carry too much of the town with them into the country. I will allow a lady to exhibit the newest-fashioned cut in her riding-habit, or to astonish a country congregation with the height of her head-dress; and a gentleman, in like manner, to *sport*, as they term it, a grotesque pattern of a waistcoat, or to set the children agape by the enormous size of his buckles. These are privi-

leges to which gentlemen and ladies may be thought to have entitled themselves by the expence and trouble of a winter's residence in the capital. But there is a provoking, though a civil sort of consequence such people are apt to assume in conversation, which, I think, goes beyond the just prerogative of *township*, and is a very unfair encroachment on the natural rights of their friends and relations in the country. They should consider, that though there are certain subjects of *ton* and fashion, on which they may pronounce *ex cathedrâ*, (if I may be allowed so pedantic a phrase,) yet that, even in the country, the senses of hearing, seeing, tasting, and smelling, may be enjoyed to a certain extent; and that a person may like or dislike a new song, a new lutestring, a French dish, or an Italian perfume, though such person has been unfortunate enough to pass last winter at a hundred miles distance from the metropolis.

On the other hand, it is but fair to inform the ladies and gentlemen of the country, that there is a certain deference which ought to be paid, in those matters, to the enlightened judgment of their friends, who are newly arrived from the seat of information and of knowledge. I have heard a lady in the country, when her cousin from Edinburgh had been very obligingly communicating some extraordinary piece of intelligence, or exhibiting some remarkable piece of dress or finery, cut her short, by saying, with all the coolness in the world, 'That is singular 'enough, but it is nothing to what I heard from 'Miss B———, with whom I have corresponded 'ever since she went to London;' or, This is very 'pretty, to be sure, but not to be compared to Mrs. 'C———'s, which she had sent her in a present 'from Paris.' This sort of *brag-playing* in conversation I have sometimes heard carried to a very dis-

agreeable length, which would be in a great measure prevented, if people were not to be allowed credit for what they may have heard, or have been told, but to take consequence only from what they have seen. If we town-people are to be thus out-wondered on report, there is an end of all order and subordination in the matter. To borrow another allusion from the *game* above mentioned, I think it is but reasonable, that the wonders of persons from town should take the same precedence of the wonders of the people in the country, that *natural cards* do of *makers*.

But it is sometimes from the opposite feeling, from too high an idea of the importance of their town visitors, that the good people of the country are apt to fall into improprieties. It is wonderful to see the confusion into which the appearance of the new-fashioned carriage of a gentleman just arrived from town throws the family, especially the female part of it, of his rural neighbour. Such a peeping from windows, such a running backwards and forwards of bare-headed boys and girls, to fetch their master from the field, and their mistress from the wash-house! Then, after waiting a long while in the parlour, which the chambermaid has had but time to put half in order, comes the old lady with some awkward apology, followed by a scold to the maid for leaving her rubber or hearth-brush in view of the company. By and by appears the master of the house, with another apology, for appearing before ladies in his farmer's dress. After a long series of common inquiries, a frequent pulling out of watches on the part of the visitors, and two or three messages up stairs from the mistress of the family; down come the young ladies with their caps awry, their long pins but half stuck in, their hair powdered in patches, and their aprons stiff from the folds. Here follows

a second course of the same questions and answers, which being closed by an observation of the late hour from the one side, and some strictures on the shortness of town-visits from the other, the company are suffered to depart, who, it is ten to one, laugh all the way home at the good people who were at such pains to make themselves fit, as they thought, to be seen by them. Let these last remember, that there is a style, as it is called, proper to every thing; decency and cleanliness they owe to themselves; an imitation of the fashionable fineries of the town they owe to nobody; most of these, indeed, are quite preposterous in the country: it is only when people get into crowds that they are at liberty to make fools of themselves.

As I have, in the beginning of this paper, desired the city-emigrants not to carry the town into the country, so I must intreat their country friends not to forget that the others have but lately arrived there. Their relish for draining, ditching, hedging, horse-hoeing, liming, and marling, and such other branches of the fine arts as an afternoon's conversation at a gentleman farmer's frequently runs into, has been a good deal blunted by seven months residence in the region of amusement and dissipation. The like caution will apply to those female orators who occupy the intervals of tea-drinking with dissertations on the cow-house, the dairy, and the poultry-yard.

There are some topics which may be introduced, at that season, in which both town and country ladies are qualified to join, though even of them I would recommend a sparing and moderate use; I mean those little lectures on morality, sometimes known by the name of *scandal*. In these the town ladies, however, have some advantage, as their sub-

jects are often such as may be reckoned fair game, persons of whom the world has a right to talk, and who seem to act as if they wished to be talked of. These notorious offenders against decency and decorum, of which there are always some instances in great towns, may be compared to certain atrocious criminals, whom the law has ordered to be sent, after execution, to *Surgeons' Hall:* their characters may be dissected at all tea-tables, without any danger of the crime of defamation. But the beauty of a country town or village is rarely so unguarded in her conduct as to give this licence to the tongues of her neighbours, who are, therefore, generally obliged to resort to the whispering of little private anecdotes and family-secrets, which I very much doubt if they be legally entitled to do, at least except in cases of great necessity, as on a rainy Sunday, or where the party consists but of two, who can neither play cribbage, piquet, or backgammon.

Somewhat a-kin to the lovers of detraction are the *offence-takers*, a species of people I have observed more common in the country than in populous cities. They are deeply versed in the science of precedency, in the etiquette of paying and returning visits, in the ceremonial of drinking healths, and of acknowledging bows and curtsies. I have been astonished to find the circle of my acquaintance so circumscribed as I have sometimes experienced, when I have happened to take up my head-quarters at a gentleman's, who could only accompany me to the houses of one-half of the neighbourhood, having contrived to be totally estranged from the other by neglects of himself, affronts to his wife, squabbles about dancing at annual balls, or toasts at country-meetings after the second bottle.

This disease of offence-taking is particularly epi-

demic in some places every *seventh* year, or sometimes it returns a little sooner by royal proclamation. As this summer may probably be the season of its recurring with violence, I take the present opportunity of warning my readers against the company of the infected; and even to these a regimen of temper and good-manners may be found a very powerful and salutary alterative. The feelings of an offence-taker are always very disagreeable; and, as to the external effects of this mental malady, whether it go off in oblique reflections or break out into scurrility and abuse, I need not, I fancy, enlarge on the danger of their consequences. To gentlemen concerned in politics and electioneering, I would particularly observe, that the period of their canvass is not the proper time for indulging any such freedoms in conversation or behaviour. When the contest is determined, the losers have some sort of privilege for railing; the successful candidates, as things go now-a-days, should keep all their foul language for that place to which the suffrages of their constituents are to send them.

I

N° 106. SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1780.

Di tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.
HOR.

THE importance of education to fit men for the world has been universally seen and acknowledged; but I think it has not been always sufficiently at-

tended to, as necessary to fit men for retiring from the world; as qualifying them to act their part with propriety when they retreat from the business of life, and to enjoy themselves, when enjoyment becomes their object. There is a certain time of life, when almost every man wishes to escape from the hurry and bustle of the world, and to taste the sweets of retirement and repose; but how few are there, who, when they have arrived at that period which they fixed for this retreat, and have put their designs in execution, meet with that enjoyment which they looked for! Instead of pleasure, they find satiety, weariness, and disgust; time becomes a heavy burden upon them, and in what way they may kill the tedious hours, grows, at length, their only object. But had these men received a good education, they would never be at a loss how to fill up their time; rich fields of entertainment would open to them from various sources. Company and conversation would receive a finer relish; books would give perpetual enjoyments; the gay prospects of the country, the romantic scenes which it affords, the adorning and beautifying those scenes and the culture of all the elegant arts, would make that fortune, which many possess without knowing how to use, the minister of every thing that can afford delight.

I believe it may be true, that neither learning, nor a taste for the elegant arts, is requisite to enable a person engaged in the ordinary business of life, to succeed in his profession; and, while so engaged, the occupations of that profession will prevent his feeling any vacuity or suffering any inconvenience from his ignorance and want of refinement. But when such a person has acquired a fortune, and given up business, I have often observed, that

from this uncultivated state of mind, he is at a loss how to enjoy himself or his riches. He either becomes a prey to chagrin and *ennui*, or he gives himself up to the coarsest intemperance; or, should he wish to figure as a man of taste or fashion, he receives but little entertainment himself, and his attempts are so absurd and preposterous, as to make him the object of scoff and ridicule to others.

Drexelius was put early to business: his whole learning consisted in being able to read English, to write, and keep accounts. He got soon into a very good branch of trade; his attention was unremitted; and his œconomy was equal to his attention. His labours, far from being a burden upon him, only gave him an exertion of mind, which kept him in an equal and unceasing flow of spirits. By the time he was fifty, *Drexelius* had acquired a fortune equal to that of the richest of his fellow-citizens. He now began to think seriously of enjoying it. The resolution which he had early formed of retiring to the country when he should have acquired a fortune, and which had supported him during the labours of acquiring it, he now determined to put in practice. He, therefore, wound up his business, sold off his stock, and purchased an estate in the country. The novelty of the situation, and the flattering thought that he was proprietor of so many acres, supported him for a while. But he soon began to find, that the fields, and woods, and rivers, gave him no sort of pleasure. He could receive no amusement from farming, and books he was unable to enjoy. A volume of the *Spectator*, recommended to him by the clergyman of the parish, lay half-read upon the chimney-piece; and the prospects which he heard others admire, appeared to him not more beautiful than the front of the

Exchange, or the pavement of the street on which he used to tread Tired, therefore, of the country, and weary of every thing, he began to long for the town which he had abandoned, and to become again a frequenter of the 'Change. Accordingly he hired a house in town, and resolved to spend in it the winter months at least. But the town had now also lost its charms, and he found it impossible to recover them. He had no longer business to occupy his mind: when he rose in the morning, he knew not what to do; he had no bargains to settle, and no ships to insure. His acquaintance around him were busy, while he was idle; he found himself alone in the midst of a crowd, an uninterested spectator of what used to employ him. Change of situation, therefore, gave him no relief, for the town was now as dull as the country. The purchase he had made was a dear one: upon his *estate*, which had cost him more at first than he intended to give for it, he was obliged to build a house, and to make some other improvements, the expence of which like that of all other buildings and improvements, greatly exceeded what their owner had made his account with. This, however, was little to one of *Drexelius*'s fortune. On former occasions, he had lost more upon one adventure in trade, without being much affected by the loss; but then he had different objects to interest him, and he expected to make up by other adventures what he had lost upon one; now he had nothing else to think of but the daily expenditure. This took possession of his imagination; he thought he saw poverty and ruin before him; and his health began to sink under the vexations of his mind. In vain did his friends represent to him the greatness of his fortune; that the money he was laying out was a trifle to what he

possessed; and that, after all his plans were finished, he would still have more than he could spend. It is to no purpose to reason with a diseased imagination; the only thing which can relieve it is a change of objects and a variety of amusements. But this method could not be followed by *Drexelius*: there was no object to interest him; and his mind was incapable of amusement. His disease, therefore, increased upon him every day. The proprietor of a fine place, possessed of a great fortune, in short, with all the means of pleasure and enjoyment, he was haunted with the demon of Poverty, and actually believed, that, if he lived many years, he should die of want.

Clavius was a partner in trade with *Drexelius*, whose example he followed in the scheme of enjoying a retreat in the country. But his mind was as empty and uneducated as that of *Drexelius*, equally incapable of amusing itself in solitude, or of receiving pleasure from those enjoyments which a country life is calculated to bestow. He was, however, a man of greater natural spirits, and was not therefore so apt to become a prey to listlessness, or to the effects of gloomy avarice. Company was his resource; and that the hours might not lie heavy upon him, he took care never to be alone. But as he had no talent for conversation, every sort of company was equally welcome to him; and, where conversation was not the object, it became necessary to support the society by some adventitious aid. The bottle, therefore, was had recourse to. This was the employment during the finest summer-evenings; and the morning sun often rose upon the same company on which it had gone down. Men flocked to *Clavius*'s country seat, not to enjoy the charms of the country, but the charms of so-

ciety, and what they called good fellowship. Thus were *Clavius*'s nights spent in getting intoxicated, and his mornings in sleeping off that intoxication. His constitution was not long able to support this course of life; he died, a few years after he had quitted business, a martyr to that fortune which his wishes had formerly represented as the certain source of felicity.

Pomponius took a different turn from the persons I have mentioned. He was equally ignorant and uneducated as they; but, when he had acquired his fortune, as he had heard much of taste, of elegance, and of refinement, he resolved to be a *man of taste*. The estate he purchased had been the old hereditary possession of a man of considerable rank. *Pomponius* gave several years' purchase more than its value, that he might be possessed of the demesne of an ancient family, and have the pleasure of adding to his name 'Esquire, of ——.' When he came to live at this estate, he found the old mansion-house must be pulled down and a new one erected. But, instead of trusting to the skill and taste of his architect, the plan must be his own. In this he heaped ornament upon ornament, and pillar upon pillar. The columns are large enough to have supported a Gothic cathedral; the inside is crowded with painted compartments; and every pannel and window is bedawbed with gilding. His fields are laid out in the most absurd taste. A clay-coloured ditch, which he calls a *canal*, made at an exorbitant expence, runs parallel with the front of his house; at each end is a circular puddle, called a *bason*, in which is a little bank of rubbish, dignified with the name of *island*. Not a walk but is stuck full of statues; and temples and grottoes appear in every field. In shewing you his grounds

he tells you the price of every statue; and every temple is honoured with the account of what it cost. Not satisfied with being a man of taste out of doors, he pretends to connoisseurship and to literature within. He shews pictures painted, as he thinks, by masters, whose names he has not learned to pronounce. If doubts are started of their originality, *Pomponius* stops all farther questions by the mention of the sum he paid for them. His library has its statues like his fields; it is furnished with a profusion of *bronzes* and busts; and the books are as liberally gilded as the rest of his furniture. In talking of them (for he runs all risks to be thought a man of learning) he gets into the most ridiculous blunders. He mistakes a Greek for a Roman author; and to shew himself a philosopher praises a writer, in the belief that he is an infidel, when, in fact, his books are written in defence of religion. The other day, somebody happening to mention the *World*, he asked if the author, Mr. *Fitzadam*, was still alive, and if he had written any other book.

Drexelius and *Clavius* were miserable in the midst of their wealth; *Pomponius* is ridiculous in the enjoyment of his.

How much is it to be regretted, that these persons had not in their earlier years received the benefit of a liberal education! Had their minds been cultivated in their youth, had they then acquired the first principles of elegance and taste, they would have been enabled, after attaining a fortune, to have enjoyed it with propriety and dignity: while they were reaping the fruits of their honest industry and success, they might have been useful to others and proved ornaments to their country.

N° 107. SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1780.

And love *and* war *take turns like day and night.*

ROWE.

In every art and science, practitioners complain how often they are deceived by specious theories and delusive speculation. Learned men, in the solitude of their studies, are apt to imagine, that nothing which they can reconcile to their own ideas upon paper can fail to be evinced by actual experiment, or to be reduced into easy and constant practice. But those who are to apply the doctrine to the fact, too often find, that what was infallible in the brain of the demonstrator, is sadly fallacious in the hands of him who is to execute it.

There is something, however, so delightful in this art of *theory-building*, that the experience of a thousand disappointments will never be able to extinguish it. Nor, indeed, should any body wish for its extinction, when it is remembered, that the person who builds is delighted with the expectation of success, and that other people are often little less pleased with tracing the disappointment. The last are flattered by seeing the superiority of science thus levelled and brought down; the first solaces himself by imputing the failure to errors in the execution, and shutting his closet-door, returns to fresh theories, and new speculation.

In the course of my reading, I have met with

two theoretical descriptions, which pleased me so much by the appearance they exhibited of self-satisfaction in the sages who composed them, that I cannot resist the desire of laying them before my readers in this day's paper. The first I found in an obscure author of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who, in tracing the progress of certain affections of the mind, thus personifies his ideas of *Honourable Love.*

'When a young man,' says he, 'of illustrious 'descent, rarely gifted by Nature in mind and body, 'the which he hath, through the care of his noble 'parents and his own special industry, much helped 'by art, first cometh from the retired haunts of learn-'ing into the resort of the world, he is suddenly 'smitten by the beauty and rare accomplishments of 'some young damsel, of parentage no less honourable 'than his own, and of endowments no less precious 'than those wherewith he himself is graced. He 'seeketh all opportunities of converse with, and of 'courtesy towards, her; which nevertheless she, out 'of maiden shyness, whereof her lady-mother hath 'well instructed her, doth, with a determined state-'liness of aspect, most constantly avoid; whereat 'the young man being grieved in his mind, but 'nowise damped in his love, he resteth not till by 'all means he render himself more worthy of her 'regard, not only by excelling in all gentleman-like 'exercises, such as dancing, horsemanship, skill in 'his rapier, and the like, but likewise in all becoming 'softness of behaviour, and courtly niceness of 'speech, adding thereunto the study of sweet poesy, 'wherewith, in curious sonnets, he speaketh the 'praise of his mistress's manifold perfections. But 'she, nowise yielding to such flatteries, nor abating

'the rigour of her looks, he sometimes complaineth 'of his thraldom in more bitter terms, and for a 'while, as seeking freedom from his fair tyrant, 'shunneth her company, and resorteth to that of 'jovial companions, much given to the sports of the 'field, and the joys of wine, thinking thereby to 'efface her image quite from his mind. But after 'no great space, he groweth uneasy and unquiet, 'and though stoutly denying all allegiance to that 'dominion, whereof he hath sworn to be free, he 'goeth secretly where he can again steal a glance 'of her lovely face, by one look of which being, 'as he deemeth, encouraged to better hope, he re-'neweth his suit with fresh warmth, renouncing 'his past rebellion as a grievous sin, the which he 'is to expiate by tenfold increased love. Neverthe-'less she, willing to shew her power, thus marvellous-'ly confirmed and increased, demeaneth herself as 'haughtily as before, and, haply, to punish his 'late treasonous lapse and falling off, seemeth to 'cast upon others more soft and favourable looks; 'whereat our lover, being stung with envy and jea-'lous wrath, doth encounter the chiefest of his 'rivals with sharp and angry words; which growing 'into keener and more deadly rage, they agree to 'decide which is the worthiest by trial of arms; 'and having met, in some retired place, either on 'horseback or on foot, attended by their squires, a 'furious combat ensueth, in which the valour of 'both shineth out worthy of their noble birth, and 'of that love wherewith it is more especially in-'flamed and spurred on. After various turns of for-'tune, and many wounds on both sides, our lover 'doth, with difficulty, master his adversary, to 'whom he sheweth no less courtesy in defeat, that 'fierceness in fight. After a time, having recovered

'of his wounds, at hearing whereof the lady hath 'shewed as much grief and pity as beseemeth a 'modest maiden to shew for man, he appeareth 'before her, his arm scarfed, and his cheeks yet 'pale from loss of blood, and, kneeling at her feet, 'imploreth forgiveness for past faults, and voweth 'constancy and love, not shorter than he hath life 'to feel them, and breath to utter; while she, with-'out speaking a word, doth, by looks and silent 'blushes, in some sort confess herself propitious to 'his vows; whereof, having passed a probation of 'years, one or more, he arriveth at the end of his 'wishes, and obtaineth her consent to be his wedded 'wife. Lastly, their noble parents being well sa-'tisfied with this union of their blood, the marriage 'is celebrated, with much ceremony and pomp, at 'the castle of the bride's princely father, whereat 'there is all manner of good cheer, of dancing, and 'of minstrelsy for many days.'

This theory of ancient love and courtship, instead of simplifying the matter, makes it much more difficult than, in modern practice at least, it is actually found. The lover, now-a days, finds but little of that stately pride and maiden shyness above described; nor is he obliged to cultivate poetry to celebrate his mistress, nor to meet any rival attended by his squire, nor to suffer wounds and loss of blood for her sake, nor to go through a probation of years, one or more. All he has to do is, to dance with the lady at a ball, say a few soft things to her in plain prose, then meet her father attended by his lawyer, go through a probation of deeds and settlements, and so proceed to the bridal ceremony, and to good cheer and jollity for as short or as long a time as he thinks proper.

The second theoretical description, which I shall lay before my readers, is so far different from the first, that it renders a very confused and intricate business, as I have been told it is, perfectly clear and obvious to the meanest capacity. This, however, is by no means owing to any want in the theoretical situation of that incident or bustle which occurs in the real; on the contrary, the events are infinitely more numerous and astonishing in the first than in the latter, though the art of the theorist carries the imagination through them all with wonderful distinctness and regularity. The instance to which I allude is the description of a *battle*, given by the ingenious Mr. *A. Boyer*, in his *French Dictionary*, under the word *Battaille*

Description of a Battle.

'The two armies being in sight, the cannon roar 'on each side; and the signal of the fight being 'given. they both move, and begin the encounter. 'In the height of danger, the generals shew their 'intrepidity by preserving their cool temper, and 'by giving their orders without emotion and with-'out hurry. In the close engagement, the officers 'perform wonders, and shew extraordinary valour 'and judgment; and seconded by their men, who 'fight like lions, they cut the enemy in pieces, kill 'and overthrow all they meet in their way, break 'through battalions, and bear down squadrons. 'Upon the point of being overpowered by numbers, 'they resolutely sustain the effort of the enemy; 'and the generals being informed by their aids-de-'camp of what passes on that side, cause succours 'to march thither with all speed, revive the spirits 'of the soldiers by their presence, rally the broken 'battalions, bring them again to the charge, repulse

'the enemy, drive them before them, regain the 'ground they had lost, retrieve the whole affair, 'pursue the enemy close, trample them under foot 'or ride over them, entirely disable them, put all 'that resist to the sword; and, after having sus-'tained continual discharges of cannon and small 'shot, and gained an entire and complete victory, 'cause a retreat to be sounded, and lie on the field 'of battle, while the air resounds with the flourishes 'of trumpets.'

The above description is contained in an edition of Mr. *Boyer*'s learned and useful work, now become exceedingly scarce. It is there given in *French* and *English*; but I choose to publish the translation only, as I mean it for the sole use of our *British* commanders, from whose practice, at the time of its first publication, (about the beginning of this century,) the description was probably taken. Perhaps, in some late campaigns, our generals had consulted other Dictionaries, containing a much less animated and decisive definition of a battle, than that which I have transcribed from the ingenious Mr. *Boyer*.

I

N° 108. SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1780.

Ah, vices! gilded by the rich and gay.

SHENSTONE.

IF we examine impartially that estimate of pleasure, which the higher ranks of society are apt to form, we shall probably be surprised to find how little there is in it either of natural feeling or real satisfaction. Many a fashionable voluptuary, who has not totally blunted his taste or his judgment, will own, in the intervals of recollection, how often he has suffered from the insipidity or the pain of his enjoyments; and that, if it were not for the fear of being laughed at, it were sometimes worth while, even on the score of pleasure, to be virtuous.

Sir *Edward* ———, to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced at *Florence*, was a character much beyond that which distinguishes the generality of English travellers of fortune. His story was known to some of his countrymen who then resided in Italy; from one of whom, who could now and then talk of something beside pictures and operas, I had a particular recital of it.

He had been first abroad at an early period of life, soon after the death of his father had left him master of a very large estate, which he had the good fortune to inherit, and all the inclination natural to youth to enjoy. Though always sumptuous, however, and sometimes profuse, he was observed never to be ridiculous in his expences; and, though he was now and then talked of as a man of pleasure and dissi-

pation, he always left behind more instances of beneficence than of irregularity. For that respect and esteem in which his character, amidst all his little errors, was generally held, he was supposed a good deal indebted to the society of a gentleman, who had been his companion at the university, and now attended him rather as a friend than a tutor. This gentleman was, unfortunately, seized at *Marseilles* with a lingering disorder, for which he was under the necessity of taking a sea-voyage, leaving Sir *Edward* to prosecute the remaining part of his intended tour alone.

Descending into one of the valleys of *Piedmont*, where, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the road, Sir *Edward*, with a prejudice natural to his country, preferred the conveyance of an English *hunter* to that of an Italian mule, his horse unluckily made a false step, and fell with his rider to the ground, from which Sir *Edward* was lifted by his servants with scarce any signs of life. They conveyed him on a litter to the nearest house, which happened to be the dwelling of a peasant rather above the common rank, before whose door some of his neighbours were assembled at a scene of rural merriment, when the train of Sir *Edward* brought up their master in the condition I have described. The compassion natural to his situation was excited in all; but the owner of the mansion, whose name was *Venoni*, was particularly moved with it. He applied himself immediately to the care of the stranger, and, with the assistance of his daughter, who had left the dance she was engaged in, with great marks of agitation, soon restored Sir *Edward* to sense and life. *Venoni* possessed some little skill in surgery, and his daughter produced a book of receipts in medicine. Sir *Edward*, after being blooded, was put to bed, and tended with every possible care by his

host and his family. A considerable degree of fever was the consequence of his accident; but after some days it abated; and in little more than a week he was able to join in the society of *Venoni* and his daughter.

He could not help expressing some surprise at the appearance of refinement in the conversation of the latter, much beyond what her situation seemed likely to confer. Her father accounted for it. She had received her education in the house of a lady, who happened to pass through the valley, and to take shelter in *Venoni*'s cottage (for his house was but a better sort of cottage) the night of her birth. 'When her mother died,' said he, 'the 'Signora, whose name, at her desire, we had given 'the child, took her home to her own house; there 'she was taught many things, of which there is no 'need here; yet she is not so proud of her learning 'as to wish to leave her father in his old age; and 'I hope soon to have her settled near me for life.'

But Sir *Edward* had now an opportunity of knowing *Louisa* better than from the description of her father. Music and painting, in both of which arts she was a tolerable proficient, Sir *Edward* had studied with success. *Louisa* felt a sort of pleasure from her drawings, which they had never given her before, when they were praised by Sir *Edward*; and the family-concerts of *Venoni* were very different from what they had formerly been, when once his guest was so far recovered as to be able to join in them. The flute of *Venoni* excelled all the other music of the valley; his daughter's lute was much beyond it; Sir *Edward*'s violin was finer than either. But his conversation with *Louisa*—it was that of a superior order of beings!—science, taste, sentiment!—it was long since *Louisa* had heard these sounds; amidst the ignorance of

the valley, it was luxury to hear them; from Sir *Edward*, who was one of the most engaging figures I ever saw, they were doubly delightful. In his countenance, there was always an expression animated and interesting; his sickness had overcome somewhat of the first, but greatly added to the power of the latter.

Louisa's was no less captivating—and Sir *Edward* had not seen it so long without emotion. During his illness he thought this emotion but gratitude; and, when it first grew warmer, he checked it; from the thought of her situation, and of the debt he owed her. But the struggle was too ineffectual to overcome; and, of consequence, increased his passion. There was but one way in which the pride of Sir *Edward* allowed of its being gratified. He sometimes thought of this as a base and unworthy one; but he was the fool of words which he had often despised, the slave of manners he had often condemned. He at last compromised matters with himself; he resolved, if he could, to think no more of *Louisa*; at any rate, to think no more of the ties of gratitude, or the restraints of virtue.

Louisa, who trusted to both, now communicated to Sir *Edward* an important secret. It was at the close of a piece of music which they had been playing in the absence of her father. She took up her lute, and touched a little wild melancholy air, which she had composed to the memory of her mother. 'That,' said she, 'nobody ever heard except my 'father; I play it sometimes when I am alone, and 'in low spirits. I don't know how I came to think 'of it now; yet I have some reason to be sad.' Sir *Edward* pressed to know the cause; after some hesitation she told it all. Her father had fixed on the son of a neighbour, rich in possessions, but rude in manners, for her husband. Against this

match she had always protested as strongly, as a sense of duty, and the mildness of her nature, would allow; but *Venoni* was obstinately bent on the match, and she was wretched from the thoughts of it.—'To marry, where one cannot love,—to marry such a man, Sir *Edward!*'——It was an opportunity beyond his power of resistance. Sir *Edward* pressed her hand; said it would be profanation to think of such a marriage; praised her beauty, extolled her virtues; and concluded by swearing, that he adored her. She heard him with unsuspecting pleasure, which her blushes could ill conceal.—Sir *Edward* improved the favourable moment; talked of the ardency of his passion, the insignificancy of ceremonies and forms, the inefficacy of legal engagements, the eternal duration of those dictated by love; and, in fine, urged her going off with him, to crown both their days with happiness. *Louisa* started at that proposal. She would have reproached him, but her heart was not made for it; she could only weep.

They were interrupted by the arrival of her father with his intended son-in-law. He was just such a man as *Louisa* had represented him, coarse, vulgar, and ignorant. But *Venoni*, though much above their neighbour in every thing but riches, looked on him as poorer men often look on the wealthy, and discovered none of his imperfections. He took his daughter aside, told her he had brought her future husband, and that he intended they should be married in a week at farthest.

Next morning *Louisa* was indisposed, and kept her chamber. Sir *Edward* was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged to go out with *Venoni*; but, before his departure, he took up his violin, and touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by *Louisa*.

In the evening she wandered forth to indulge her sorrows alone. She had reached a sequestered spot, where some poplars formed a thicket, on the banks of a little stream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched on one of them, and had already begun its accustomed song. *Louisa* sat down on a withered stump, leaning her cheek upon her hand. After a little while, the bird was scared from its perch, and flitted from the thicket. *Louisa* rose from the ground, and burst into tears! She turned—and beheld Sir *Edward*. His countenance had much of its former languor; and when he took her hand, he cast on the earth a melancholy look, and seemed unable to speak his feelings. 'Are you 'not well, Sir *Edward?*' said *Louisa*, with a voice faint and broken—'I am ill indeed,' said he, 'but 'my illness is of the mind. *Louisa* cannot cure me 'of that. I am wretched; but I deserve to be so. 'I have broken every law of hospitality, and every 'obligation of gratitude. I have dared to wish for 'happiness, and to speak what I wished, though it 'wounded the heart of my dearest benefactress—'but I will make a severe expiation. This moment 'I leave you, *Louisa!* I go to be wretched; but 'you may be happy, happy in your duty to a father, 'happy, it may be, in the arms of a husband, whom 'the possession of such a wife may teach refinement 'and sensibility.—I go to my native country, to 'hurry through scenes of irksome business or tasteless amusement; that I may, if possible, procure a 'sort of half-oblivion of that happiness which I have 'left behind, a listless endurance of that life which I 'once dreamed might be made delightful with *Louisa*.'

Tears were the only answer she could give. Sir *Edward*'s servants appeared, with a carriage, ready for his departure. He took from his pocket two pictures; one he had drawn of *Louisa*, he fastened

round his neck, and, kissing it with rapture, hid it in his bosom. The other he held out in a hesitating manner. 'This,' said he, 'if *Louisa* will accept of 'it, may sometimes put her in mind of him who 'once offended, who can never cease to adore her. 'She may look on it, perhaps, after the original is 'no more; when this heart shall have forgot to 'love, and cease to be wretched.'

Louisa was at last overcome. Her face was first pale as death; then suddenly it was crossed with a crimson blush. 'O Sir *Edward!*' said she, 'What—what would you have me do?'—He eagerly seized her hand, and led her, reluctant, to the carriage. They entered it, and driving off with furious speed, were soon out of sight of those hills which pastured the flocks of the unfortunate *Venoni*.

V

N° 109. TUESDAY, MAY 23, 1780.

THE virtue of *Louisa* was vanquished; but her sense of virtue was not overcome.—Neither the vows of eternal fidelity of her seducer, nor the constant and respectful attention which he paid her during a hurried journey to England, could allay that anguish which she suffered at the recollection of her past, and the thoughts of her present situation. Sir *Edward* felt strongly the power of her beauty and of her grief. His heart was not made for that part which, it is probable, he thought it could have performed: it was still subject to remorse, to com-

passion, and to love. These emotions, perhaps, he might soon have overcome, had they been met by vulgar violence or reproaches; but the quiet and unupbraiding sorrows of *Louisa* nourished those feelings of tenderness and attachment. She never mentioned her wrongs in words: sometimes a few starting tears would speak them; and when time had given her a little more composure, her lute discoursed melancholy music.

On their arrival in England, Sir *Edward* carried *Louisa* to his seat in the country. There she was treated with all the observance of a wife; and had she chosen it, might have commanded more than the ordinary splendour of one. But she would not allow the indulgence of Sir *Edward* to blazon with equipage, and shew that state which she wished always to hide, and, if possible, to forget. Her books and her music were her only pleasures; if pleasures they could be called, that served but to alleviate misery, and to blunt, for a while, the pangs of contrition.

These were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father: a father left in his age to feel his own misfortunes and his daughter's disgrace. Sir *Edward* was too generous not to think of providing for *Venoni*. He meant to make some atonement for the injury he had done him by that cruel bounty which is reparation only to the base, but to the honest is insult. He had not, however, an opportunity of accomplishing his purpose. He learned that *Venoni*, soon after his daughter's elopement, removed from his former place of residence, and, as his neighbours reported, had died in one of the villages of *Savoy*. His daughter felt this with anguish the most poignant, and her affliction, for a while, refused consolation. Sir *Edward*'s whole tenderness and attention were called forth to miti-

gate her grief; and, after its first transports had subsided, he carried her to *London*, in hopes that objects new to her, and commonly attractive to all, might contribute to remove it.

With a man possessed of feelings like Sir *Edward*'s, the affliction of *Louisa* gave a certain respect to his attentions. He hired her a house separate from his own, and treated her with all the delicacy of the purest attachment. But his solicitude to comfort and amuse her was not attended with success. She felt all the horrors of that guilt, which she now considered as not only the ruin of herself, but the murderer of her father.

In *London*, Sir *Edward* found his sister, who had married a man of great fortune and high fashion. He had married her, because she was a fine woman, and admired by fine men; she had married him, because he was the wealthiest of her suitors. They lived, as is common to people in such a situation, necessitous with a princely revenue, and very wretched amidst perpetual gaiety. This scene was so foreign from the idea Sir *Edward* had formed of the reception his country and friends were to afford him, that he found a constant source of disgust in the society of his equals. In their conversation fantastic, not refined, their ideas were frivolous, and their knowledge shallow; and with all the pride of birth and insolence of station, their principles were mean and their minds ignoble. In their pretended attachments, he discovered only designs of selfishness; and their pleasures, he experienced, were as fallacious as their friendships. In the society of *Louisa* he found sensibility and truth; her's was the only heart that seemed interested in his welfare; she saw the return of virtue in Sir *Edward*, and felt the friendship which he shewed her. Sometimes when she perceived him sorrowful, her lute would

leave its melancholy for more lively airs, and her countenance assume a gaiety it was not formed to wear. But her heart was breaking with that anguish which her generosity endeavoured to conceal from him; her frame, too delicate for the struggle with her feelings, seemed to yield to their force; her rest forsook her; the colour faded in her cheek; the lustre of her eyes grew dim. Sir *Edward* saw those symptoms of decay with the deepest remorse. Often did he curse those false ideas of pleasure which had led him to consider the ruin of an artless girl, who loved and trusted him, as an object which it was luxury to attain, and pride to accomplish. Often did he wish to blot out from his life a few guilty months, to be again restored to an opportunity of giving happiness to that family, whose unsuspecting kindness he had repaid with the treachery of a robber and the cruelty of an assassin.

One evening, while he sat in a little parlour with *Louisa*, his mind alternately agitated and softened with this impression, a *hand-organ*, of a remarkably sweet tone, was heard in the street. *Louisa* laid aside her lute and listened: the airs it played were those of her native country; and a few tears, which she endeavoured to hide, stole from her on hearing them. Sir *Edward* ordered a servant to fetch the organist into the room: he was brought in accordingly, and seated at the door of the apartment.

He played one or two sprightly tunes, to which *Louisa* had often danced in her infancy; she gave herself up to the recollection, and her tears flowed without control. Suddenly the musician, changing the stop, introduced a little melancholy air of a wild and plaintive kind.—*Louisa* started from her seat, and rushed up to the stranger.—He threw off a tattered coat, and black patch. It was her father! —She would have sprung to embrace him; he turned

aside for a few moments, and would not receive her into his arms. But Nature at last overcame his resentment; he burst into tears, and pressed to his bosom his long-lost daughter.

Sir *Edward* stood fixed in astonishment and confusion.—'I come not to upbraid you,' said *Venoni*; 'I am a poor, weak, old man, unable for upbraidings; I am come but to find my child, to forgive 'her, and to die! When you saw us first, Sir *Edward*, we were not thus. You found us virtuous 'and happy; we danced and we sung, and there 'was not a sad heart in the valley where we dwelt. 'Yet we left our dancing, our songs, and our cheerfulness; you were distressed, and we pitied you. 'Since that day the pipe has never been heard in '*Venoni*'s fields: grief and sickness have almost 'brought him to the grave; and his neighbours, who 'loved and pitied him, have been cheerful no more. 'Yet, methinks, though you robbed us of happiness, 'you are not happy;—else why that dejected look, 'which, amidst all the grandeur around you, I saw 'you wear, and those tears which, under all the 'gaudiness of her apparel, I saw that poor deluded 'girl shed?——'But she shall shed no more,' cried Sir *Edward*: 'you shall be happy, and I shall 'be just. Forgive, my venerable friend, the injuries which I have done thee; forgive me, my '*Louisa*, for rating your excellence at a price so 'mean. I have seen those high-born females to 'which my rank might have allied me; I am 'ashamed of their vices, and sick of their follies. 'Profligate in their hearts, amidst affected purity 'they are slaves to pleasure without the sincerity of 'passion; and, with the name of honour, are insen'sible to the feelings of virtue. You, my *Louisa!* '—but I will not call up recollections that might 'render me less worthy of your future esteem——

'Continue to love your *Edward*; but a few hours, 'and you shall add the title to the affections of a 'wife; let the care and tenderness of a husband 'bring back its peace to your mind, and its bloom 'to your cheek. We will leave for a while the 'wonder and the envy of the fashionable circle here. 'We will restore your father to his native home; 'under that roof I shall once more be happy; 'happy without allay, because I shall deserve my 'happiness. Again shall the pipe and the dance 'gladden the valley, and innocence and peace beam 'on the cottage of *Venoni*.'

V

N° 110. SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1780.

Extremum concede laborem. VIRG.

As, at the close of life, people confess the secrets, and explain the mysteries of their conduct, endeavour to do justice to those with whom they have had dealings, and to die in peace with all the world; so, in the *concluding number* of a *periodical publication*, it is usual to lay aside the assumed name, or fictitious character, to ascribe the different papers to their true authors, and to wind up the whole with a modest appeal to the candour or indulgence of the Public.

In the course of these papers, the author has not often ventured to introduce himself, or to give an account of his own situation; in this, therefore, which is to be the *last*, he has not much to unravel on that score. From the narrowness of the place of its ap-

pearance, the MIRROR did not admit of much personification of its editor; the little disguise he has used has been rather to conceal what he was, than to give himself out for what he was not.

The idea of publishing a *periodical paper* in *Edinburgh* took its rise in a company of gentlemen, whom particular circumstances of connexion brought frequently together. Their discourse often turned upon subjects of manners, of taste, and of literature. By one of those accidental resolutions, of which the origin cannot easily be traced, it was determined to put their thoughts into writing, and to read them for the entertainment of each other. Their essays assumed the form, and, soon after, some one gave them the name, of a periodical publication: the writers of it were naturally associated; and their meetings increased the importance, as well as the number, of their productions. Cultivating letters in the midst of business, composition was to them an amusement only; that amusement was heightened by the audience which this society afforded; the idea of publication suggested itself as productive of still higher entertainment.

It was not, however, without diffidence that such a resolution was taken. From that, and several other circumstances, it was thought proper to observe the strictest secrecy with regard to the authors; a purpose in which they have been so successful, that, at this moment, the very publisher of the work knows only one of their number, to whom the conduct of it was entrusted.

The assistance received from Correspondents has been considerable. To them the MIRROR is indebted for the following papers; the 8th, the note from IGNORAMUS in the 9th, the letter in the 17th, the letter signed ADELUS in the 21st, the 22d, the 24th, the 29th, (except the short letter at the end,) the

first letter in the 35th, the 37th, the letter in the 46th, the 50th, the first letter in the 56th, the 59th, 62d, 66th, 73d, 74th, 75th, 79th, 82d, 86th, the first letter in the 89th, the letter in the 94th, the 95th, the 96th (except the letter signed EVELINA), the 97th, and 98th, the letter in the 102d, and the letter in the 103d. Of some of their Correspondents, were they at liberty to disclose them, the names would do credit to the work; of others they are entirely ignorant, and can only return this general acknowledgement for their favours. To many of them they have to apologize for several abridgments, additions, and alterations, which sometimes the composition of the essays themselves, and sometimes the nature of the work in which they were to appear, seemed to render necessary.

The situation of the authors of the MIRROR was such as neither to prompt much ambition of literary success, not to create much dependence on it. Without this advantage, they had scarcely ventured to send abroad into the world a performance, the reception of which was liable to so much uncertainty. They foresaw many difficulties, which a publication like the MIRROR, even in hands much abler than theirs, must necessarily encounter.

The state of the *times*, they were sensible, was very unpropitious to a work of this sort. In a conjuncture so critical as the present, at a period so big with national danger and public solicitude, it was not to be expected that much attention should be paid to speculation or to sentiment, to minute investigations of character, or pictures of private manners. A volume which we can lay aside and resume at pleasure, may suffer less materially from the interruption of national concerns; but a single sheet, that measures its daily importance with the vehicles of public

intelligence and political disquisition, can hardly fail to be neglected.

But, exclusive of this general disadvantage, there were particular circumstances which its authors knew must be unfavourable to the MIRROR. That secrecy which they thought it necessary to keep, prevented all the aids of patronage and friendship; it even damped those common exertions to which other works are indebted, if not for fame, at least for introduction to the world. We cannot expect to create an interest in those whom we had not ventured to trust; and the claims even of merit are often little regarded, if that merit be anonymous and unknown.

The *place* of its publication was, in several respects, disadvantageous. There is a certain distance at which writings, as well as men, should be placed, in order to command our attention and respect. We do not easily allow a title to instruct or to amuse the Public in our neighbour, with whom we have been accustomed to compare our own abilities. Hence the fastidiousness with which, in a place so narrow as *Edinburgh*, home productions are commonly received; which, if they are grave, are pronounced dull; if pathetic, are called unnatural; if ludicrous, are termed low. In the circle around him, the man of business sees few who should be willing, and the man of genius few who are able, to be authors; and a work that comes out unsupported by established names, is liable alike to the censure of the grave, and the sneer of the witty. Even Folly herself acquires some merit from being displeased, when name or fashion has not sanctified a work from her displeasure.

This desire of levelling the pride of authorship, is in none more prevalent than in those who themselves

have written. Of these the unsuccessful have a prescriptive title to criticism; and, though established literary reputation commonly sets men above the necessity of detracting from the merit of other candidates for fame, yet there are not wanting instances of monopolists of public favour, who wish not only to enjoy, but to guide it, and are willing to confine its influence within the pale of their own circle, or their own patronage. General censure is of all things the easiest; from such men it passes unexamined, and its sentence is decisive; nay, even a studied silence will go far to smother a production, which, if they have not the meanness to envy, they want the candour to appretiate with justice.

In point of subject, as well as of reception, the place where it appeared was unfavourable to the MIRROR. Whoever will examine the works of a similar kind that have preceded it, will easily perceive for how many topics they were indebted to local characters and temporary follies, to places of public amusement, and circumstances of reigning fashion. But, with us, besides the danger of personal application, these are hardly various enough for the subject, or important enough for the dignity of writing. There is a sort of classic privilege in the very names of places in *London*, which does not extend to those of *Edinburgh*. The *Cannongate* is almost as long as the *Strand*, but it will not bear the comparison upon paper; and *Blackfriars-wynd* can never vie with *Drury-lane*, in point of sound, however they may rank in the article of chastity. In the department of *humour*, these circumstances must necessarily have great weight; and, for papers of humour, the bulk of readers will generally call, because the number is much greater of those who can laugh, than of those who can think. To add to the diffi-

culty, people are too proud to laugh upon easy terms with one, of whose title to make them laugh they are not apprised. A joke in writing is like a joke in conversation; much of its wit depends upon the rank of its author.

How far the authors of this paper have been able to overcome these difficulties, it is not for them to determine. Of its merits with the Public, the Public will judge; as to themselves, they may be allowed to say, that they have found it an amusement of an elegant, and they are inclined to believe, of an useful kind. They imagine, that, by tracing the manners and sentiments of others, they have performed a sort of exercise which may have some tendency to cultivate and refine their own; and, in that society which was formed by this publication, they have drawn somewhat closer the ties of a friendship, which they flatter themselves they may long enjoy, with a recollection not unpleasing, of the literary adventure by which it was strengthened and improved.

The disadvantages attending their publication they have not enumerated, by way of plea for favour, or apology for faults. They will give their *volumes* as they gave their *papers*, to the world, not meanly dependent on its favour, nor coldly indifferent to it. There is no idea, perhaps, more pleasing to an ingenuous mind, than that the sentences which it dictates in silence and obscurity, may give pleasure and entertainment to those by whom the writer has never been seen, to whom even his name is unknown. There is something peculiarly interesting in the hope of this intercourse of sentiment, this invisible sort of friendship, with the virtuous and the good; and the visionary warmth of an author may be allowed to extend it to distant places, and to future times. If, in this hope, the authors of the MIRROR may indulge, they trust,

that, whatever may be thought of the execution, the motive of their publication will do them no dishonour; that, if they have failed in wit, they have been faultless in sentiment; and that, if they shall not be allowed the praise of genius, they have, at least, not forfeited the commendation of virtue.

Z

END OF VOL. XXXVII.

Printed by A. Strahan,
Printers-Street.

DATE DUE

JUL 7 1983
STORAGE

3 5132 00341 8258
University of the Pacific Library

The British essayists
Mirror

PR
1365
B86
vol. 37

77637